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NewTimes

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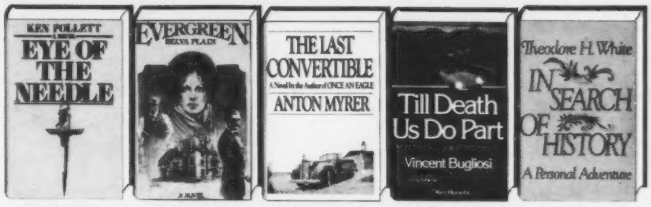

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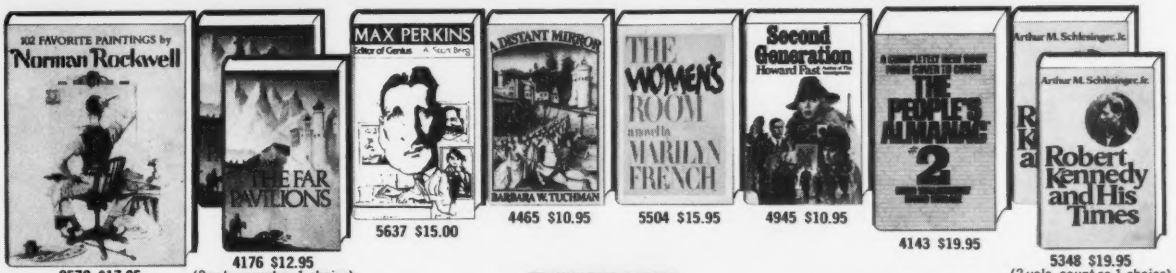

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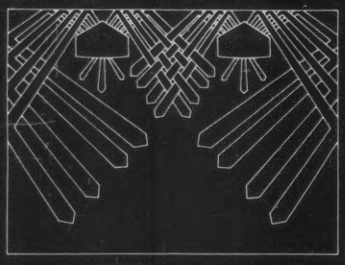

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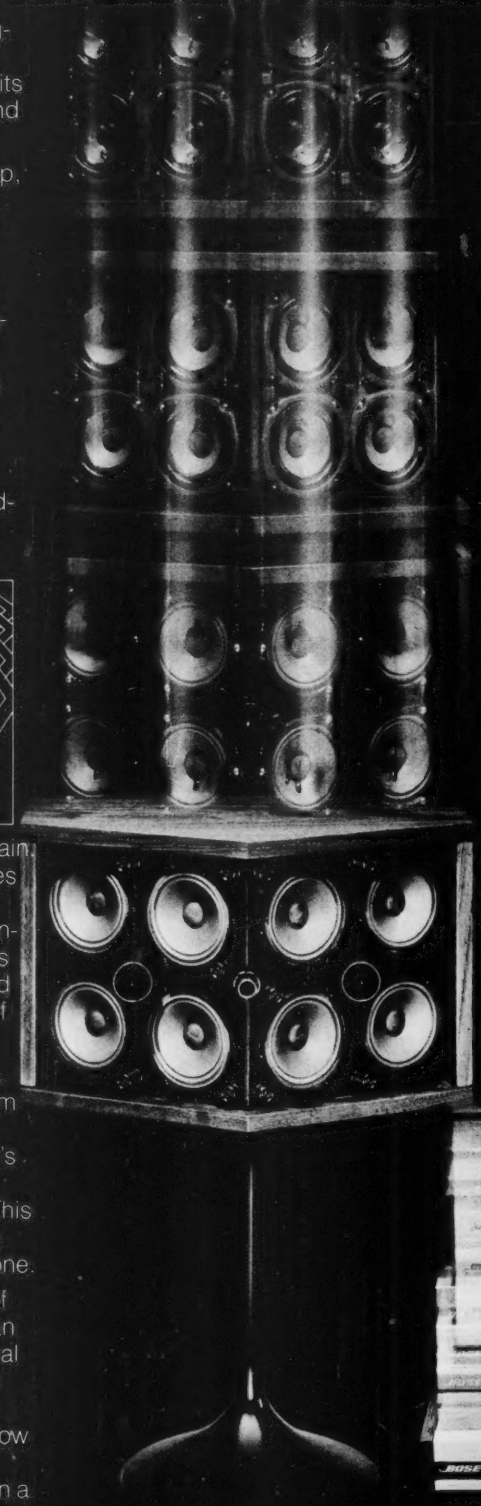

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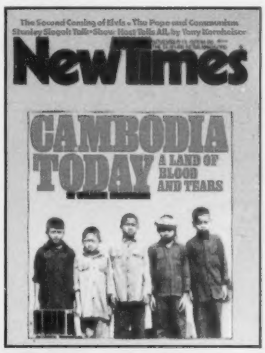

22 Paradise Lost

Before the 1970 American "incursion" dragged Cambodia into the Vietnam war, the country was a haven of peace in Indochina. Today it is the scene of utter devastation. Phnom Penh, the capital, is a ghost town—the wreckage of war remains in the streets; shops, kiosks and gas stations are closed; there is no postal system, no telephone system and no currency. Family life is no longer encouraged, and children are taught to watch their parents for signs of political dissidence. The brutal murder of citizens in government purges continues with no end in sight. "The land is soaked with tears and blood," says one Hanoi commentator. "Cambodia is hell on earth."
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Cover photograph: Politika/Sipa Press/Black Star

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American apple growers have found that Jamaicans make the best apple pickers, but the U.S. government insists that Puerto Ricans be given the jobs. The problem, according to the growers, is that Puerto Rican migrant workers don't much like picking apples.
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"We have to keep his name alive," said a 40-year-old woman at the Elvis Presley Fans Reunion in Las Vegas. "I will teach my son what I feel about Elvis, that he is a good example of a good American,and my son will grow up and teach his sons. And in that way he will live on."
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Let's face it, the man has no shame. In Jacksonville he asked a woman to remove her bra on the air. In Green Bay he tasted dog food and dove into a bathtub filled with Jello. In New York he was psychoanalyzed once a week on live TV. "Everything in life is a backdrop for me," says the would-be network talk show host. "I'm the star of this movie."
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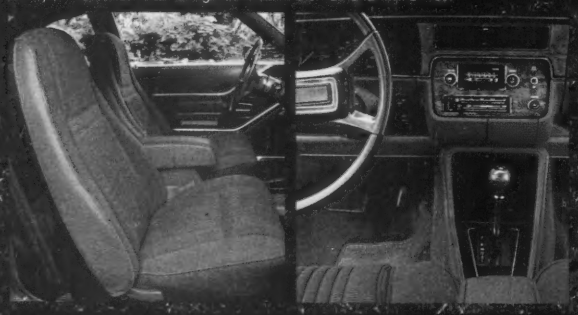

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LETTERS

Charlie Smith

Wanted to say thanks for one of the best features that has appeared in *New Times* so far: "Catching Up With Old Friends" (October 16). Let's catch up a lot more often. The best was old Charlie Smith. We love that old man, ever since your article in the Feb. 6, 1976 issue. Our family periodically writes letters and cards to Charlie.

He's a real treasure. We cut out old Charlie's picture from that '76 issue and have it framed and hanging in our den. If ever I feel low and blue, I just look at Charlie in that old hat, wearing that sweet smile, and I have to break out in a big grin.

The Hall family
Anaheim, California

Fred Buttler

Roger Rapoport's insightful and startling article, "The Illiterate Cornerback" (October 16), in which the plight of Fred Buttler is told with candor and sensitivity, was an example of journalism at it's best.

It seems ludicrous that teachers and coaches would allow this individual to pass through grade school, high school, junior college, and eventually California State College at Los Angeles, without ever learning essential reading and writing skills.

Is the status of the athlete so important that other requirements should be glossed over? Would it not have been more beneficial for Buttler had his friends and teachers thought of him first as a human being, rather than a gridiron champ?

The victims are, of course, Buttler and others like him, who need help and who are somehow duped by promises of fame and fortune—promises that result, more often than not, in disillusion and disappointment.

A final point worth mentioning is that it is not only the minorities who are suffering as a result of the current method of "graduating the un-graduatable." This distortion of values has done disservice to people of all races and cultural backgrounds.

Loren Richard Klahs
Edwardsville, Illinois

Jim Bouton

Re: Addendum & Erratum, "Bouton's Big Day" (October 2): "He missed the pitch by a foot and walked back to the dugout in a furious mood, as if he'd been struck out by a girl."

Indeed. A pox on Davey Lopes. A pox on the writer.

Cheryl R. Towers
New York, N.Y.

Thomas Pynchon

I subscribed to *New Times* a year ago last summer, coerced by an "I'm-putting-myself-through-college" hustler. Since then I have received what impresses me as a rather sleazy publication, characterized for the most part by "Look Ma, I'm writing", hot-licks-on-the-typewriter prose.

Until Robert Cooke Goolrick's "Pieces of Pynchon" (October 16). Perhaps I'm just one of those mush-headed optimists, but for the first time in my reading of *New Times* I felt moved by something other than snideness. That article, (as Goolrick describes *Gravity's Rainbow*), is "an act of great and kind faith, a belief that some truth can be located and preserved in words."

Thanks.

Janet Heyneman
Rochester, New York

Thanks for a great Fifth Anniversary issue. Goolrick's "Pieces of Pynchon" was delicious...even for a non-Pynchon fan like me.

Alan Vaughan
San Francisco, California

Party Lines/by Robert Shrum

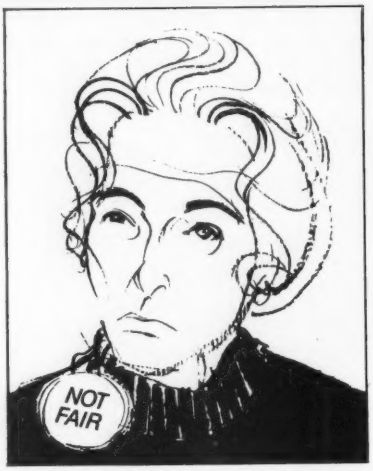
ERA EXTENSION: ALL'S FAIR

The Senate was debating an extension of time—an extra three years—for the states to ratify the Equal Rights Amendment, when a prim and grim-faced Phyllis Schlafly, the anti-ERA chieftain, entered the gallery and sat down next to Yale Law Professor Thomas Emerson and in front of Harvard Law Professor Laurence Tribe. The two had served as the principal consultants to Senator Birch Bayh as he fought for final passage of the extension. Schlafly refused to acknowledge Tribe, although she knows him. A few minutes later, Illinois Senator Charles Percy, who had just announced his support for the extension, came to the gallery to greet a friend. He spotted Schlafly, who had nearly challenged his renomination to the Senate in the Illinois Republican primary last spring. "How do you do," Percy said earnestly, offering his hand. "It's good to see you." Schlafly shrank back and turned away without the slightest, coldest of formalities.

Phyllis Schlafly, a 54-year-old conservative activist from southern Illinois, has been a public true believer, the Bella Abzug of the Right, since the publication of her 1964 campaign tract, *A Choice Not An Echo*, a book that predicted a resounding GOP victory for a real conservative such as Barry Goldwater. The ERA extension left her livid. It was, she said, "the most discriminatory vote the Senate had ever cast." Many who don't usually agree with Schlafly agreed that this time she had good reason to be angry. Even some troubled liberals thought privately or said publicly that the rules were being changed in the middle of the game: The Congress originally gave the states seven years to ratify ERA; that period will end in March, 1979, and the sponsors of the amendment should not get three extra years to squeeze out a tarnished victory.

Yet an extension as such apparently does not change any constitutional rule. The original deadline was not in the text of the amendment, which Congress could not alter in mid-ratification. Instead, it was set in a legislative preamble.

But the charge that the rules were conveniently being rewritten reflects a deeper concern that cannot be so technically refuted: Was the ERA extension fair? To which Ohio Senator Howard Metzenbaum answers: "What is so magic—or fair—about seven years?" In fact, 18 of the 26 constitutional amendments throughout American history have carried no time limit for ratification. Professor Emerson has written that there is "no need for such a provision." When the first deadline on a ratification was set in 1917, Congress initially considered a period of ten to twenty years; seven years was finally chosen as a sufficient but not the only reasonable span. Congress has put deadlines of seven years on subsequent amendments, often without any discussion at all, because none seemed necessary: Every amendment since 1917 has been ratified within four years.



Schlafly: The Bella Abzug of the Right

From 1923 until 1971, ERA was proposed in Congress without any deadline. In 1970, one of the amendment's sponsors, Republican Senator Marlow Cook of Kentucky, observed that, "Clearly, the seven year limit on ratification need not be added, as it has only infrequently been used in the past." One was added because Emanuel Celler, then chairman of the House Judiciary Committee, and Senator Sam Ervin worried that otherwise an unratified ERA, like the unratified 1924 child-labor amendment—still around because it carried no deadline—might remain a live possibility long after the issue had died out.

In short, a time limit has been customary recently, but it has never been constitutionally required. In *Dillon* v. *Gloss*, the Supreme Court held: "Of the power of Congress, keeping within reasonable limits, to fix a period for ratification we have no doubt... Congress [can] deal with [such] subsidiary matters of detail as the public interests and changing conditions may require...." To insist now on a deadline, not contained in the Equal Rights Amendment itself but added to the resolution "with little worry that this would ever be a limiting factor," in Senator Bayh's words, would frustrate rather than fulfill the purpose of limiting the time for ratification to the time when the issue is a publicly viable one. And if fairness is to be the criterion, and technical manipulations of the rules are to be frowned upon, Bayh has argued, then an extension surely is not out of order: "[P]arliamentary tactics... [have] prevent[ed] the Equal Rights Amendment from even reaching the floor for a vote in the bodies of some state legislatures." Opponents have blocked ERA, now just three states short of ratification (assuming that attempts to rescind earlier approval in four states do not count), from being voted up or down in at least one chamber of five state legislatures.

But though an extension as such may be fair, what of the "one-sided" version that passed Congress, which supposedly permits more states to ratify but none to rescind? Yale Law Professor Charles Black, who favors ERA but tirelessly lobbied against that version of an extension, has been passionate on this point: "The extension of time for ratification but not for rescission would be so grotesque that I should think one would not have to reach the constitutional question, but... I am firmly of the opinion that lopsided extension would be unconstitutional." Utah Senator Jake Garn offered an amendment to the extension legislation authorizing rescission; the Senate defeated it 54 to 44. Yet, in so doing, the Senate did not forbid rescission either. Senator Bayh told his colleagues that rejecting the Garn provision would represent no Senate judgment either way on the efficacy of rescissions.

"It would be unfair for Congress to pretend that it can bind and judge on this issue at this time," says Professor Tribe. Only when a later Congress is deciding whether there is a sufficient number of ratifications can it effective-

Illustration by Elizabeth Van Itallie

ly determine the validity of rescission; obviously, that Congress could reverse the attempt of any earlier one to settle the issue in advance. "So the only fair choice now, the only accurate answer Congress can give now, is to leave the question open," Tribe concludes. Even Schlafly's legal mentor, Washington University Law Professor Jules Gerard, who regards rescission as a settled right of the states, rated the Garn amendment as "legally superfluous" to establishing that right.

What will happen when—and if—Congress reaches the issue of rescission? Professor Black agrees with Gerard that "The right to rescind arises by operation of law and cannot be taken away by Congress." Yet, no rescission has ever been treated as valid in almost 200 years of American constitutional history. Duke Law School constitutional scholar William Van Alstyne, who opposed the extension, also opposed inviting or accepting any rescissions during such a period: "No state ought to consider an amendment to the Constitution under the misimpression from this body that it may do it with some sort of celebrity or spontaniety, because it will always have this interval of additional years to reconsider." If rescissions should not be honored during the first seven years because this would encourage frivolous ratifications and rescissions, why does an extra three years cross a boundary where "an atrocious way to run a Constitution," in Van Alstyne's phrase, becomes acceptable?

The courts are likely to defer to Congress's judgment if by 1981 there are enough states to ratify ERA but also enough rescissions to void that ratification if they are deemed valid. Charles Evans Hughes wrote for a Supreme Court majority in the 1939 case of *Coleman* v. *Miller*: "...The question of the efficacy of ratification by state legislatures, in light of previous rejection or attempted withdrawal, should be regarded as a political question ...with the ultimate authority in the Congress." This leaves flexibility for a kind of fair judgment hard to prescribe in advance: Congress can decline to accept all rescissions, without ruling them all out, no matter what the circumstances.

Thus, even though rescissions have been nullities in the past, Congress "could conclude in 1981 that so many states have rescinded that there is not the required consensus in favor of the Equal Rights Amendment," Tribe says. "If only 20 states were to ratify without also attempting to rescind, for example, Congress could reasonably decide that the amendment had not been ratified." If 20 is not enough, than what of 24, 28, or 32? The answer is inherently circumstantial; and "in a very close case," Tribe continues, "the courts might agree to review the congressional decision."

Thus the ERA extension means more time, but for both sides, not just one: During the additional three years, the states will be as free to ratify or not—and to rescind or not—as they were during the last seven years.

Women's groups lobbying for extension wore buttons that said: "No time limit on equality." They and their congressional allies reiterated the statistics pointing to a second-class sex. Those fighting the ERA extension derided all this as irrelevant to the constitutional and procedural questions. But in this particular procedural decision, substance properly did matter. "Obviously, there are some definite and stated procedural limits," Tribe says, "but this extension clearly did not exceed them. It fell within a gray area where substantive fairness can be allowed to influence which of several arguably legitimate procedures we choose."

During the Senate debate on the ERA extension, Kaneaster Hodges of Arkansas eloquently expressed the relevance of substance to procedure. Hodges, a middle-aged, paunchy man with a round face and a fringe of close-cropped hair around his baldness, is known in the Senate for his thick accent, his decency and his high intelligence. He is a temporary Senator serving out the last weeks of the late John McClellan's term. He is also a born-again Christian, a Southerner, one of a type that Phyllis Schlafly felt surest would oppose the extension. Like Tennessee's Howard Baker, who voted against it, Hodges saw that "there was no consensus of legal scholars on the constitutional issues...." Instead, amid the welter of ambiguities and technicalities, Hodges looked to more basic principles. "I do not concede," he said, "that ERA will erode religion. It is true that there are isolated passages in the Bible that speak of a woman's role as subservient to men. But there are also passages that say the sun goes around the earth. One cannot isolate one passage from the Bible and get the truth anymore than one can listen to one note and feel the power of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony—or take one square inch and see the beauty of Mona Lisa....

"...[W]hen the issue is so fundamental that it relates directly to over one-half of our nation, and also equally to the male half—for no one truly has freedom unless all do—then earlier concerns over legal precedents pale into insignificance."

Maybe lots of things in life are unfair—but the ERA extension is not one of them. ●

ADDENDUM & ERRATUM

Frontier Flashes. There have been new developments on several of the fronts Michael Parfit covered for us in our special issue "Alaska" (NT, 9/18/78). For example:

●In Washington, the Senate adjourned in mid-September without passing the Alaska National Interest Lands Conservation Bill. The House passed its version of the bill (nicknamed "d-2") in May; it would set aside about 120 million acres of the state as national parks and wilderness areas—doubling in one stroke the size of America's entire national park system. Interior Department officials are confident the Senate will pass the bill next year. Meanwhile, they are preparing to recommend that President Carter protect the affected land under executive order.

●The Beirne Initiative, Proposition 10 on the November ballot, has won a temporary reprieve from the Alaska Supreme Court. The initiative, which would for the last time in the United States give massive amounts of land away (160 acres to 10-year residents, 80 acres to five-year residents, 40 acres to three-year residents), seemed in danger several months ago of being ruled unconstitutional and struck from the ballot. But the Court will let Alaskans vote on the measure first; then, if it survives at the polls, the Court will wrestle with the constitutional questions. (The initiative seems almost certain to pass.)

●The Anchorage *Daily News* won a $750,000 out-of-court settlement from its long-time rival, and recent partner, the Anchorage *Times*. In December 1974, the two papers signed a joint operating agreement, under which the *Times* ran the business affairs of both papers. But in February 1977, the *News*, charging that its economic survival was threatened by either sloppiness or ill will from the *Times* business side, filed a $16.5 million suit. Under terms of the settlement, the *Times* will also forgive all debts allegedly owed the paper by the *News*, a total that *Times* officials said came to $319,000. The *News* will begin handling its own business affairs on April 1, 1979, with Anchorage no longer on the verge of becoming a one-paper town.

●Walter Hickel, Nixon's battle-scarred Interior Secretary and a former Alaska governor, lost the Republican gubernatorial primary in a razor-thin upset last August. Incumbent Governor Jay Hammond, a conservationist, edged Hickel by 103 votes.

Religion/by Eva Hoffman

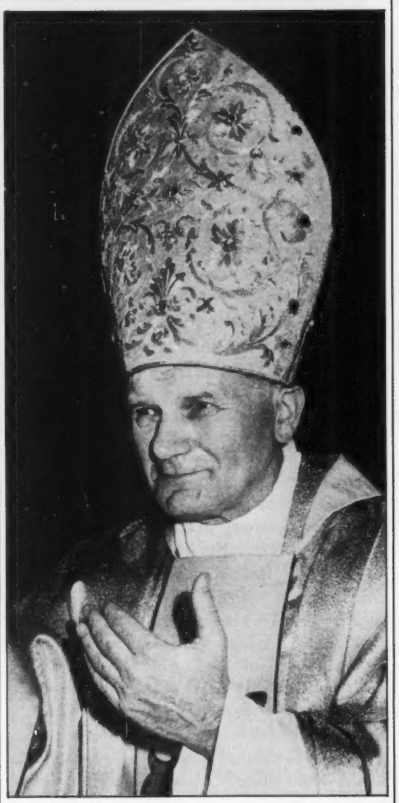
CAN THE POPE COPE WITH COMMUNISM?

A Pole for a pope? Aside from provoking some rather irreverent reactions in this land of the ethnic joke, the Vatican's decision certainly has the value of surprise and suspense. Whatever it means, it means something. The cardinals' election of the ex-Archbishop of Cracow to the post of the Supreme Pontiff of the Universal Church is such a radical departure for that most crusty and august of voting bodies that it is clearly a signal, a statement of intention.

The specific significance of that intention will not be clear for a while. Reading the Vatican is a bit like deciphering the Delphic oracle; both speak in obscure signs meant to conceal as much as to reveal; and both are open to multiple interpretations. Still, to state the obvious, the dramatic gesture of placing the leadership of the Church in Wojtyla's hands indicates that the Vatican is preparing to grapple with that tricky and increasingly pertinent issue—the relationship between the Church and the various strains of Communism—Eastern, Western and Third World.

In a way, the consequences of the cardinals' choice have already been felt. Even before he has uttered a word, Wojtyla has been placed at the center of the political stage. His past has been closely scrutinized for clues to his political predisposition and the role he will play in shifting the balances of power. The American press, especially, has cast him as a white knight who has fought against Communism in its very lair and has emerged unscathed—and who will presumably do so again. The Catholic Church in Poland has been pictured as the true democratic voice of the people, the one refuge of freedom in the midst of repression.

The picture is true—and not quite true. The Roman Church in Poland has, indeed, proved an impressively tenacious institution during the post-World War II years. It has survived and thrived in the face of adverse conditions. There were many attempts to undermine its strength, especially during the 1950s. Cardinal Wyszynski, the Primate of Poland, was under house arrest on charges of seditious activity; a collaborative Catholic group was recruited by the government to act as *agent provocateur* within and against the legitimate Church; Catholic periodicals were, on various occasions, censored and suppressed. However, the basic fact remained that people continued to go to church, and both Moscow and its Polish deputies knew that to take away that privilege would mean having an insurrection on their hands.



The Polish Pope: Vatican-Communist relations will never be the same

Over the years, it became evident that the Church could not be shaken at its foundations, and that its consent was in fact necessary to the Polish government's stability. Since the late fifties, the Church and the state have existed in a state of truce, whose terms are periodically renegotiated. The various accommodations reached between the secular and the religious powers occasionally result in some rather bizarre ideological symbolism. For a while, religious instruction was introduced into Polish schools, and students found themselves singing the "Internationale" in the morning and reciting the Lord's Prayer in the afternoon—a combination that must have caused considerable confusion in many young minds.

The Poles' loyalty to the Church has been, at its root, a conservative feeling. It is partly an expression of a religious spirit deeply ingrained in Polish culture; but it is also linked with a profound and resilient nationalism that has persisted during waves of occupation by the Germans, Austrians and Russians. The Church has been, throughout the course of this fragmenting history, the most continuous repository of national unity. But while it has helped to keep Polish identity intact, the Church has been associated with some distinctly unprogressive attitudes—anti-Semitism, for example. Even in postwar Poland, Catholicism has been used to legitimize hostility against the Jews, and the resurgence of the Church's strength following de-Stalinization in 1956 coincided with a flurry of anti-Semitic outbreaks.

In many respects, then, the Roman Church in Poland has remained a bastion of traditional values. But, partly by a quirk of history, it has been given another role as well. It has found itself on the opposing side of a regime which almost everybody finds oppressive; moreover, it is the only large, organized institution that has been allowed to exist in postwar Poland outside the aegis of the government. Because of this, the Church has become a vehicle for the manifestation of a more general disaffection and defiance. Its existence is perceived as a challenge to the authority of Moscow. Victories for the Church are seen not only as gains for Christ but also as losses for the government. A year and a half ago, the first new church built since the war was opened in Nowa Huta, a model "workers' city" within Wojtyla's diocese. The opening ceremonies were attended by some 150,000 people—many of whom were there as much to stage an implicit demonstration as to express their faith or affection for Wojtyla.

In recent years, the link between political dissidence and the Church has become more explicit. When, a year and a half ago, some members of an adversary group called the Committee to Protect the Workers were jailed, their supporters were given sanctuary by a Warsaw church, in which they conducted a sit-down hunger strike. Church journals provide a forum for intellectuals who are not necessarily Catholics, but who can, in their pages, propound views that would not be published elsewhere. Young people flock to the Church, partly because it is one of the few places

Photograph: UPI

where they can gather communally without official surveillance. A Sunday service in a Cracow or a Warsaw Church is a spectacle probably not paralleled anywhere else. The churches are filled with an astonishing variety of people—peasant women in their babushkas, middle-class housewives, gray-suited bureaucrats, hip-looking students in their beards and jeans; among them, there are people who cross themselves before starting their cars, and there are sophisticates skilled in Marxist—and anti-Marxist—polemics.

It is this institution, then, with all its paradoxes, that has been the arena of Wojtyla's activity. He has been a prominent figure in a Church that has become associated with progressive causes almost by default, a feisty fighter in a political configuration in which to be libertarian is to be anti-Communist. The question is how he will translate that conjunction of attitudes, specific to the Polish conditions, into other political contexts. There have been some notable expatriates—Solzhenitsyn, for one—who have been surprisingly clumsy at such translations. John Paul II, of course, will not be in the position to make rash *ex cathedra* statements based on some hastily gathered facts. Still, there will be situations in which reconciling his own views with the demands of statesmanship could prove difficult.

In several Latin American countries, the Church plays a role analagous and inverse to that in Poland. It functions as a cloak for populist resistance against dictatorial governments; but the resistance most often takes leftist forms. In El Salvador, for example, the Church has been in active coalition with peasant groups agitating for agrarian reform, and priests accused of helping them have been slandered, deported and even killed by government agents. How will John Paul II look upon priests who are often professedly Communist and who try to effect a philosophical synthesis between Marxism and Catholicism? Wojtyla has reportedly said that he will not attend a meeting of Latin American bishops, that will take place next year and at which Paul VI was going to be present. This decision may be motivated by caution. John Paul II may not want to declare himself as openly as that occasion will demand. Still, his withdrawal certainly does not indicate strong support for the most socially progressive branch of the Church.

The leftist clergy will undoubtedly present a particularly thorny problem for Wojtyla. In Poland, the Church has been hugely successful in commanding loyalty precisely because it has held itself separate from the governing ideology. It has coexisted with the Communists—there has been no other choice—but within its own sphere of influence it has

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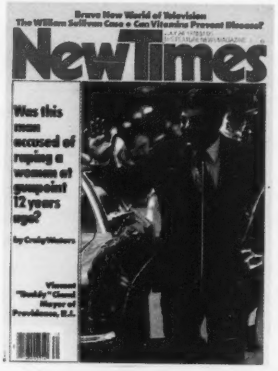
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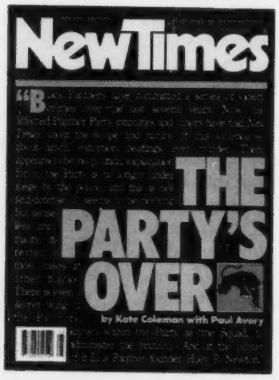

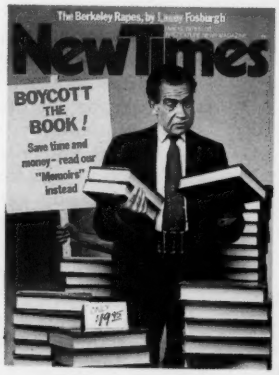

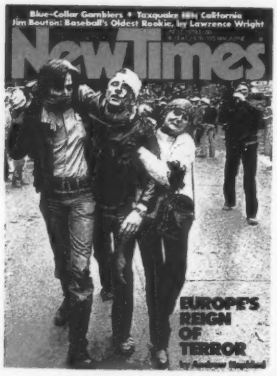
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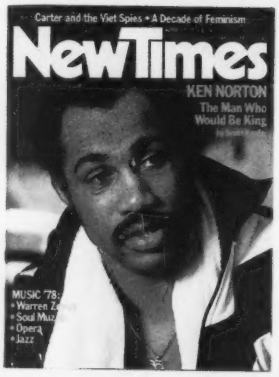

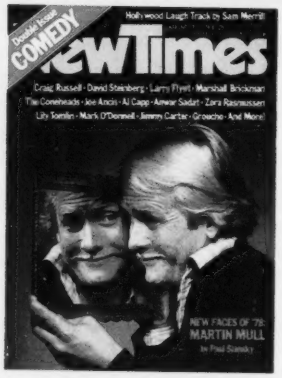
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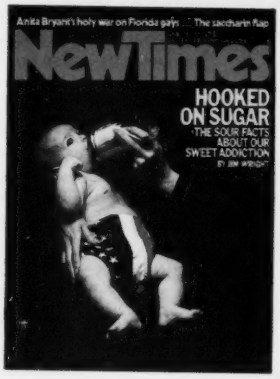
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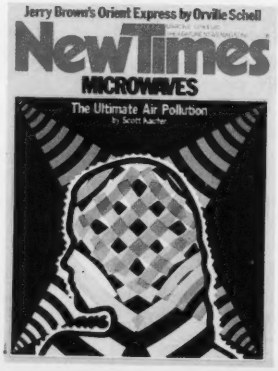

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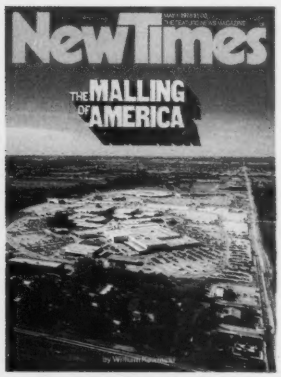

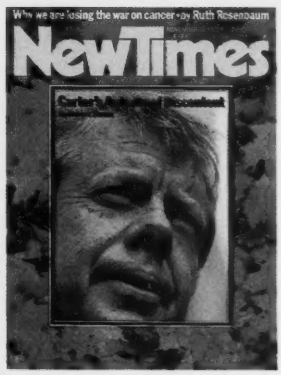

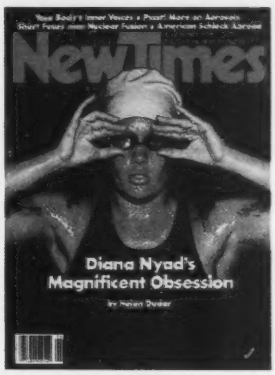

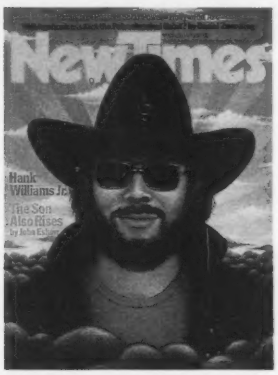

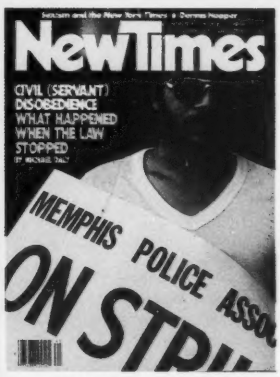

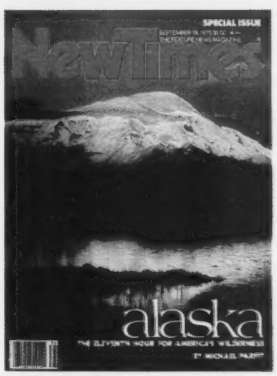

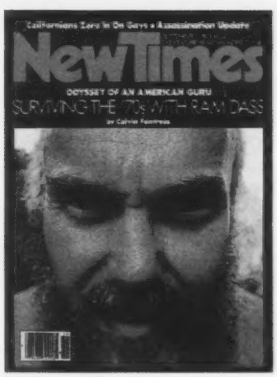

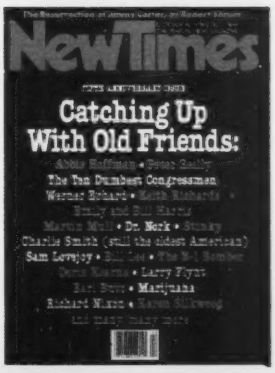

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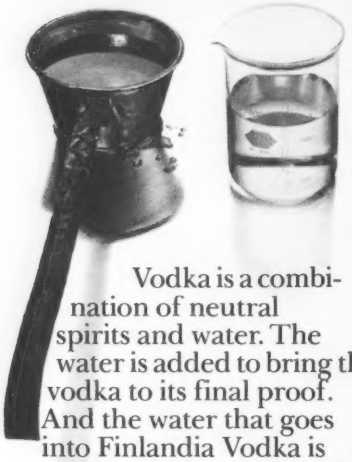

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retained a traditional spirit and character. This strategy—of political détente and spiritual separatism—is probably one that Wojtyla will try to pursue in Italy as the Communists gain access to more power. In electing Wojtyla, the Vatican has acknowledged that the Communists cannot be ignored and that the Church must negotiate with them if it is not to suffer losses. Wojtyla is not likely to make the mistake of declaring a Cold War or of threatening the faithful with excommunication if they vote for the Communists. The Church can afford to do that less and less, especially as the Christian Democrats seem to be moving away from the extremely close association with the Vatican and into new alliances with the parties of the left. The Communist overtures for a rapprochement are to everybody's advantage, and Wojtyla will probably respond to them. At the same time, he will be vigilant about encroachments on religious freedom and will resist compromising the theological integrity of Catholicism. The Italian situation is so shifting and murky that Wojtyla's impact on it will not be apparent for a while. It is in Eastern Europe, and especially in Poland, that his pontificate will have the most immediate reverberations, almost independently of what he does. His election has already generated world-wide publicity for the problem of religious freedom in Eastern Europe—and for Eastern Europeans, publicity is grace. It gives them a sense of power, a confidence — sometimes misguided — that Moscow will hesitate to commit acts of repression while the world watches. "Things will be better in our country now," several recent exiles told me. The government sent a few representatives — including the president of Poland — to the coronation ceremonies in Rome, and it has made an unusual gesture in granting visas to large numbers of people who wanted to attend them. Partly, this may be good diplomacy—an act of generosity meant to forestall and diffuse possible discontent. But the Polish government may also be taking this opportunity to make a modest assertion of independence from Moscow—something that most everybody in Poland, including Party members, badly want.

Will John Paul II offer similar encouragement to other Eastern European Catholics? Can he bring attention to religious persecution within the Soviet bloc and negotiate for greater freedom, without incurring reprisals? Can he, in a word, cope with Communism while making the world safe for Catholicism? Only the future will tell. But whatever happens, the Vatican is bound to be a more vigorous political presence in the next few years, and Wojtyla will make pope-watching a more interesting sport than it has been for many centuries. ●

EDITED BY DAN BREWSTER

THE iNSIDER

KARIN VISMARA

"I NEVER SAID I WAS TOUGH ON CRIME."—CALIFORNIA ATTORNEY GENERAL AND GOP GUBERNATORIAL CANDIDATE EVELLE YOUNGER IN REPONSE TO MEDIA REPORTS ABOUT HIS CONNECTIONS TO ORGANIZED CRIME.

REMEDIAL SPYING

CIA HOLDS CRASH COURSE FOR COLLEGE PRESIDENTS

The CIA, under pressure to stop its admitted widespread covert activities on American college campuses, has initiated a series of seminars to woo leading university administrators. In the past nine months, seven university presidents have visited CIA headquarters in Langley, Va. for day-long briefings, according to CIA spokesman Dale Peterson, "to talk about our many common interests."

This latest goodwill gesture comes in the wake of a flood of requests from some 80 universities for agency files concerning clandestine recruitment of students and faculty by CIA operatives. Admitting only to the covert recruiting of foreign students on American campuses, Agency Director Admiral Stansfield Turner has openly refused to give any assurance that he will comply with strict guidelines proposed by Harvard University President Derek Bok to limit the Agency's campus activities.

The CIA's uncooperative attitude has irritated Bok and other academic leaders, but the Agency is encouraged by attendance at the seminars which took place in March and June of this year. Agency spokesman Peterson says such topics as clandestine activities on campus, university-agency relations and research were discussed at the two meetings.

"They're [the college presidents] doing it because they see some mutual benefit," Peterson maintained. "It's

UPI

Turner: There's no limit

turned out very beneficial so far. That's why we're proceeding and are planning to have some more."

Peterson refused to give us the names of the presidents who attended, insisting that to do so would be "an invasion of their privacy." Meanwhile, the Center for National Security Studies has filed a Freedom of Information request to find out more about the college presidents and the secret Langley pow-wows.

—Joel Kotkin and Dorothy Samuels

MURDO BY DAWN

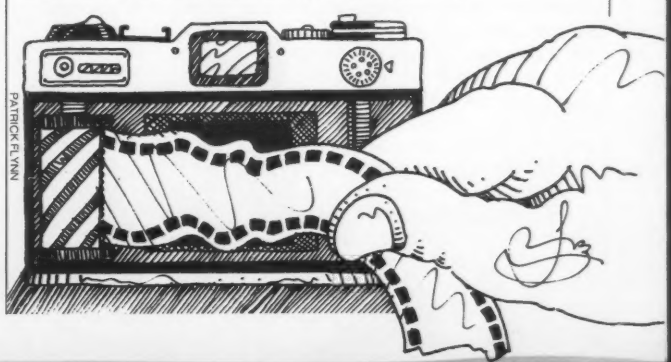
GOON SQUAD RUNS WILD IN SOUTH DAKOTA

Three months ago, Tom Ingalls, the editor and publisher of the tiny Murdo, South Dakota *Coyote* weekly newspaper,was sipping coffee with friends, state trooper Jim Pelle and city police officer Chris Jung, when a call came in that a body had been found alongside of the nearby interstate highway. Ingalls went to the scene and, at the state trooper's request, took ten exposures for trooper Pelle's report. The following morning, agents from the state's Division of Criminal Investigation (DCI), which works directly under South Dakota Attorney General William Janklow—the GOP candidate for Governor—seized Ingalls' prints and negatives without warrant or subpoena.

"Jim [state trooper Pelle] asked me to develop the pictures," Ingalls said, "so I went back to my shop and printed eight photos, then went out for breakfast." Upon returning home, Ingalls was summoned to the State's Attorneys office by Jones County Sheriff H.G. McMillan. There, DCI agents Lorin Pankratz and Jerry Baum demanded that Ingalls hand over the pictures. "I told them I was not going to publish the photos," said Ingalls, "that I wanted to give them to motor officer Pelle. He (Pankratz) then asked me if I was willing to go to jail for them—I said 'no.'" A police officer escorted Ingalls to get the material.

Only after his case caught the attention of the South Dakota Press Association did Ingalls receive even a half-hearted apology from Attorney General Janklow. Janklow excused the agents' behavior on the basis of inexperience and explained that they wanted the photographs as evidence in a possible criminal investigation. A city police officer told Ingalls that Sheriff McMillan, who the editor opposed for re-election, had encouraged the DCI agents to "cause trouble" for him.

When called on by local newspapers to discipline agents Pankratz and Baum, Janklow, the state's chief law enforcement officer, said glibly, "they've done nothing wrong." Ingalls reacted calmly, "I'm a lay minister and never could justify anyone with a family losing their job because of me. I just feel a wrong was done to me." However, an aide to one prominent state official was not as tolerant. "The DCI," he said, "has developed into the South Dakota version of a goon squad." ●



PATRICK FLYNN

AGING GRACELESSLY

IN MISSISSIPPI THE OLD SOUTH RISES AGAIN

"Mississippi is for everyone," claims Governor Cliff Finch. "I campaigned on that. I said my term as governor would be open to all, blacks and whites." Finch cites his personal record of minority appointments, many to a 40-member advisory board he created (the Governor's Commission on Multi-Cultural Affairs) and his order to hire more black state employees as evidence of dramatic change in Mississippi.

But according to Frank Parker, chief counsel in the Mississippi office of the Lawyer's Committee for Civil Rights Under Law, "There is no New South as far as poor black people in Mississippi are concerned. The basic social, economic and political position of black people in Mississippi remains unchanged, untouched by the civil rights movement." Hunger, discrimination and poverty persist in rural Mississippi and are perpetuated by a racist state welfare system and extensive gerrymandering, which all but eliminates participation by blacks in the state's political process.

"When I first became welfare commissioner, the most serious abuse that shocked me more than anything else," said Fred St. Clair, who was recently fired as Mississippi's Commissioner of Public Welfare, "was the attitude of some of our workers. They treated clients like they were less than human."

When St. Clair took over as commissioner in 1976, 95 percent of all state welfare employees were white, although nearly 80 percent of all recipients were black. St. Clair did increase the number of black employees to 30 percent, but only under pressure from a 1973 lawsuit for discriminatory employment practices.

Still, welfare rights activists continue to uncover civil rights abuses and blatant discrimination by state officials—prompting one organization, the Hunger Coalition, to recently request a federal inquiry. In one such case, Cleo Smith, a black heading the Simpson County Welfare Rights Organization, was arrested on welfare fraud charges which were later dropped. A source in the state welfare department said a deputy commissioner had personally directed a search for criminal charges which could be brought against Smith. "It was unlawfully done to intimidate me," Smith charges, "and to keep me from speaking out for poor people." Her bond was set at $20,000 in the type of case that usually draws a bond of no more than $500. And, Smith was incorrectly charged with a felony, although the law limited the alledged violation to a misdemeanor.

The U.S. Department of Agriculture has investigated the Mississippi food stamp program and, according to their report, has found "improper denials and terminations of food stamp cases," withholding correct deductions from food stamp purchase prices, "poor communication," inability (or refusal) to make emergency certificates for relief, and "demeaning and insensitive attitudes of personnel." St. Clair and his successor, William Carraway, claim the problems have been corrected, but Shirley Paine, a lawyer working with welfare rights groups, said, "The racism is still there. A welfare worker can make it almost impossible to get relief."

MICHAEL ABRAMSON/BLACK STAR

Mississippi blacks: Doomed to despair

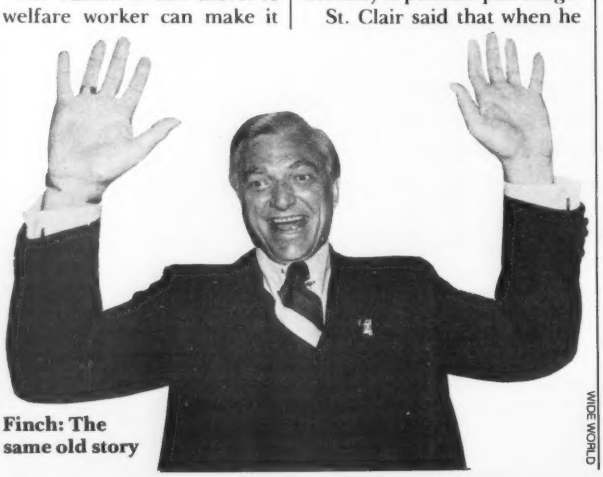
The most recent government figures show that 71 percent of the blacks in Mississippi earn less than $5,000 a year while 71 percent of the whites earn over $5,000. The median income for a black family of four is $3,200, barely 40 percent of the median income for whites. Fifty nine percent of all black families live below the poverty line, and 77 percent of food stamp recipients are black.

Henry Kirksey, an Independent black candidate for the seat of retiring Sen. James O. Eastland, repeatedly charges, "The welfare system is so inefficient as to encourage the out-migration of blacks. It makes it too difficult for those without adequate care to get it." One reason for the system's racism and inefficiency is political patronage.

St. Clair said that when he became commissioner, nearly every welfare employee received his job through patronage and almost all were white. St. Clair admits that even during his two-year tenure as commissioner, when he personally kept records of job applicants, one third of all those hired were recommended by legislators or by the governor.

The influx of patronage employees, most of whom have no training as social caseworkers and no interest in the poor, has also opened the department to fraud. St. Clair described one example of a person he hired and promoted to regional supervisor on instructions from Governor Finch. "He was obtaining food stamps through some fraudulent manner, we are not sure how," St. Clair said, "then selling them to a local merchant at a discount rate. The merchant was making his cut when he turned them in. I am relatively certain that person got wind of the investigation because federal investigators ran into a dead end." However, St. Clair hastened to explain, "The governor would not condone any kind of that activity."

Henry Kirksey has further exposed inequitable and discriminatory distribution of welfare money in the state. He claims that five predominately white counties in northeastern Mississippi, with 28,600 people living below the poverty level, received a total of $5,600,000 in state



WIDE WORLD

Finch: The same old story

welfare aid during fiscal 1977, while 25 predominately black counties, with 285,000 people below the poverty line, received only $4,470,000 in the same year—more than a million dollars less for 10 times the number of needy people. St. Clair attributes the staggering discrepancy to federal aid which, he says, was made available only to select counties. Kirksey, however, refutes this explanation. Since July 1976, the state has returned millions of dollars of unspent federal welfare funds to the USDA.

Blacks have little recourse in trying to upgrade Mississippi's welfare system because they continue to be effectively excluded from political power. "White southern leaders are not without the ingenuity to institute forms of racial discrimination that are less obvious and more covert but which nevertheless have the same effect," charges Frank Parker. "There is extensive racial gerrymandering statewide—such a massive violation that it is impossible for a small office like mine, with three lawyers, even to begin to deal with all the schemes that have been put into effect to discriminate against black voters."

The results of gerrymandering, however, are obvious: In a state that is 37 percent black, the Senate is all white and the 122-member House has only four black representatives. No black has ever held a statewide office; only 16 of 410 county supervisors are black, and less than ten percent of Mississippi's city council members are black.

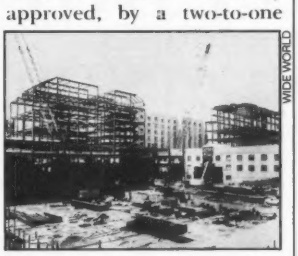
Who can eliminate gerrymandering, stop discriminatory welfare practices and give blacks in Mississippi an opportunity for political representation? "We hoped the Justice Department would play a role in this," Parker said, "but they have not. Instead of getting better under the Carter Administration, the Justice Department has gotten worse. Since the 60s they've filed fewer and fewer cases. They simply are not doing their job." —*Al Brewer*

HOW SUITE IT IS

THE SENATE MAKES ITSELF MORE COMFORTABLE

In the year of the great tax revolt, the good ol' boys in the United States Senate seem determined not to trim any excess fat from their own already bulging bureaucratic waistlines. Nothing better illustrates this than their plan to go ahead with the construction of a lavish $135 million Senate office complex.

This "Mussolini-style building," as one critic, Sen. John Chafee (R.-R.I.), describes it, will provide the solons with such amenities as a rooftop dining room, wood paneling, swank 16-foot ceilings, and a huge gym—complete with an indoor tennis court. The facility, known as the Hart Office Building, passed through Congress in 1972 with a relatively modest $48 million appropriation. Since then, cost-overruns climbed steadily until last August, when the Senate cheerfully approved, by a two-to-one margin, a $135 million appropriation for the project.



WIDE WORLD

Hart S.O.B. under way

Yet, after reviewing the escalated costs and delayed completion of the Hart Building, the General Accounting Office (GAO) recently issued a report which boldly states, "The architect estimates the cost of designing and constructing the Hart Building, and related construction, at $122,647,000. GAO estimates that constructing the project as presently designed will cost much more than that."

"It's impossible to make a reasonable estimate when you're trying to build such a monumental building," explains GAO's Ray Cohen. "I don't even know where they got the $135 million figure from—they'll never meet that."

A handful of legislators have tried to put an end to the Hart Office boondoggle, but seem outnumbered by such senators as Arkansas's Dale Bumpers, who defended the building by telling assembled senators about his sweat-filled youthful experiences in a steamy canning plant back home. "Those were the good old days," Bumpers said. "I don't want any more of them."-*Joel Kotkin and Dorothy Samuels*

ROBERT P. WHO?

THREE CASEYS, BUT THE MIGHTY HAS STRUCK OUT

A high "recognition factor" has long been considered a candidate's biggest advantage in a political campaign. And, in Pennsylvania, it may have been the only thing that won Robert P. Casey the Democratic nomination for Lieutenant Governor.

The candidate, Casey, bears the impressive credentials of being a biology teacher and the owner of an ice cream parlor. He spent almost no money to win the nomination, and he's about to be elected.

Another unforgettable is Robert P. Casey, the Pennsylvania state treasurer. The comptroller, Casey, had to his credit an earlier position as the recorder of deeds for Cambria County. Oh yes, he did spend $600 to get elected the last time around.

So, will the real Robert P. Casey please stand up? He did, and was defeated by incumbent Pete Flaherty in the gubernatorial primary.

The real Casey is a *very* well-known Pennsylvania political figure who once served as the state's auditor general and lost two primaries to former Governor Milton Shapp. This prompted Shapp to say, "Isn't it a shame a guy can't get elected on his own name when everyone else can." ●

BRITTLE GIRDERS

SUPPORT FOR BRIDGES WANING IN AMERICA

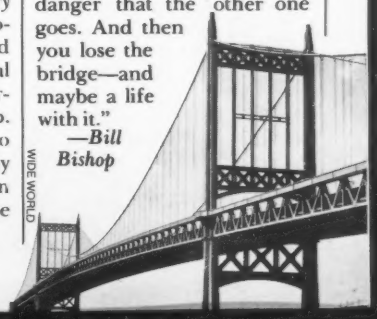
The welds that hold the huge steel support girders together on a large number of American bridges are brittle and cracking. Though no bridge with the flawed welding has collapsed, there have been what one federal official called a "near miss" on an interstate bridge spanning the Ohio River near Pittsburgh, Pa. The welding technique used on that structure, as well as hundreds of others across the country, has since been banned by the Federal Highway Administration for use on tension girders.

The problem is electroslag welding, a technology developed by the Soviets in the 1950s. The Soviets found the process to be the least expensive means of effectively binding steel together; but to ensure safety, quality control was strictly enforced. Americans liked the idea of the low cost welding and adopted the method, but they overlooked the necessary quality control.

The result is that about 75 percent of the electroslag welds tested, since the first cracks were discovered in January 1977, are defective. The Highway Administration has no idea how many bridges have been built with the electroslag weld, but recent counts found 126 of the structures in Michigan and 45 in Georgia alone.

The most dangerous bridges are those supported by only one or two girders. In these cases, according to Carl Hartbower, a federal welding expert, "If one of them goes, then there's a real danger that the other one goes. And then you lose the bridge—and maybe a life with it."

—*Bill Bishop*



WIDE WORLD

INSIDER

NYET TO THE CZAR

NADER ATTACKS SCHLESINGER AT WHITE HOUSE

Nowhere is the dissatisfaction with Carter's Energy Secretary James Schlesinger more evident than in the environmental community. And that sentiment was communicated directly to the White House at a recent top-level closed-door parlay.

The meeting took place in the West Wing office of senior Carter advisor Stuart Eizenstat, who met quietly with Ralph Nader and a handful of consumer activists following Nader's highly successful "Critical Mass '78" energy conference—which Schlesinger had refused to attend.

Nader used the audience to further his assault on the energy czar's pro-industry, pro-nuclear policies. Schlesinger, Nader charged, was a "political liability" and "out of touch with the public." Adding to the tension was a news clip, read by one of the group members, which quoted Schlesinger telling an Arizona audience that the anti-nuclear movement included "the same people who were beating the drums for Ho Chi Minh."

Nader: Behind closed doors

Eizenstat, a cool southerner in his mid-thirties, assured the group that he was "one of the convinced" on the question of solar power, and that "changes" were coming at the Department of Energy. He could not, he said, explain Schlesinger's refusal of numerous invitations to speak at the Critical Mass conference. ●

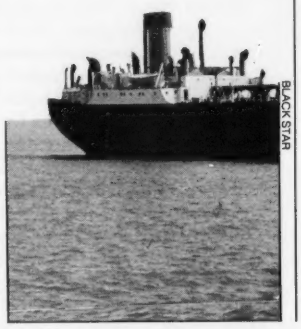
TOY BOAT, TOY BOAT

LEMON FLEET VERY PRETTY

It sounds like something out of NBC's sitcom "Operation Petticoat"—you know, the pink submarine —but private contractors are ensnarled in a series of court battles with ship builders over nine tankers the investors have leased to the U.S. Navy. Navy officials claim that not only have the ships developed serious mechanical trouble, but adding insult to injury, they were taken out for sea trials flashing a pink undercoat instead of the usual battleship gray.

No sooner had the tankers, which carry refined fuel oil, been put to sea than problems began to surface. On one tanker alone there were "over 700 guaranteed design deficiencies," according to a Navy spokesman. The problems ranged from doors hung incorrectly and lights positioned improperly to faulty anchor winches and defective motors, which made it impossible to raise a lifeboat once it had been lowered. Most importantly, however, the engines had a tendency to slip suddenly into reverse while the ship was moving forward.

The jinxed ships were also plagued by human error—one tanker collided with a rock off the coast of Sumatra, a second ran aground near Alaska and a third was rammed into another tanker in Los Angeles Harbor a few months ago. ●



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OVER EXPOSURE

COP'S CAMERAS ON THE BLINK

If you're walking down the boardwalk in Atlantic City, "Big Brother" may be watching you. Five years ago, the Atlantic City Police Department spent $10,000 of the city's budget to install seven surveillance cameras along the edge of the boardwalk.

The system, which was supposed "to spot undesirable persons," according to detective Joseph Lamana, has since been proven totally ineffective.

Corrosion, caused by the sea air, has destroyed much of the equipment and Police Chief William tenBrink estimates the cost of repairing it would exceed $35,000 (hardly a bargain considering the purchase price). "For the use we get out of them," says the chief, "we'd like to see the money more properly spent in a good crime prevention program. It's cheaper to prevent crime then to apprehend and convict criminals afterward. And to the best of my knowledge, there have never been any apprehensions due to this system."

—Marilyn Kimmelman Rosenfeld

BERT MILLER/BLACK STAR

1984 is upon us

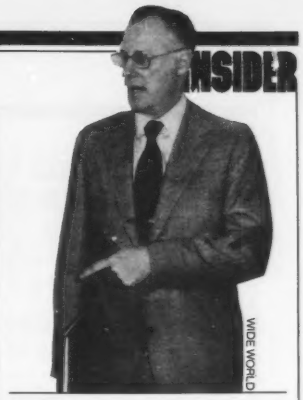
KUHNHEAD

BASEBALL FEVER ADDLES BOWIE'S BRAIN

Baseball's strong TV ratings during the 1978 World Series might prove to be the game's undoing. Taking a cue from Nielsen, Commissioner Bowie Kuhn is considering moving the sport to an NFL-like format by 1980; each league would be divided into three divisions (rather than the current two) and a four-team playoff (the three division winners and a "wild card" team) would determine who makes it to the Series. This glut of post-season games would undoubtedly bring in more TV dollars, but only at the cost of letting a horde of teams into playoff competition, making a mockery of the regular 26-week season.

Since May, Kuhn's men have been in touch with NBC, ABC and CBS, all of which have expressed interest in the idea.

If the plan is approved, it would mean a hefty boost in the money baseball gets from the networks. (The current four-year, $92.8 million contract expires in 1979.) With that incentive, the ten-man team studying the proposed changes, composed of league officials and team representatives, will likely approve the new set up within the next few months.



WIDE WORLD

Kuhn: Turns to TV

One dividend fans might have expected from all this—long-awaited regular-season play between American and National League teams—is still not in the offing. Instead, fans will likely be served up weeks of "crucial" playoff games taking place solely at the behest of television. What next? Perhaps a championship called the "Super Series," with a marching band during the seventh inning stretch. *—Michael Massing*

ARLENE PORTNEY

HOME: Meadowbrook, Pennsylvania

AGE: 27

PROFESSION: Concert pianist

HOBBIES: Mountain climbing, model-railroading, squash.

MOST MEMORABLE BOOK: "Ada" by Vladimir Nabokov

LATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT: First American woman ever to have won first prize in a major international piano competition: The Prix Beracasa, Paris, France.

QUOTE: "I've always felt that art is to be cherished. It convinces us of the dignity of life, and that for which civilizations have been remembered."

PROFILE: Sensitive, gifted and thoroughly dynamic. A true romantic, she's committed to making music more accessible to everyone.

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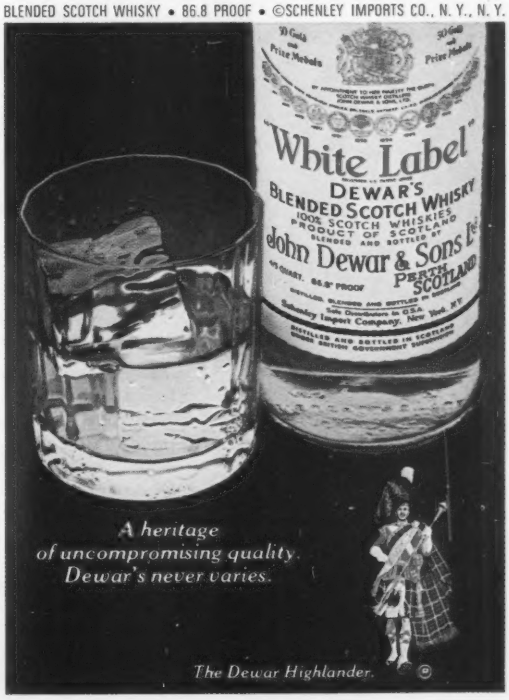


FIBERGLASS BODY

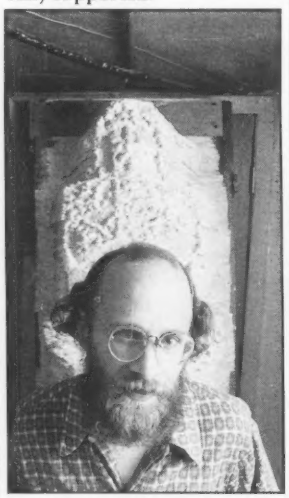
CHRIST, MADE IN HIS OWN IMAGE

"Pilate ordered the body to be given up, and Joseph of Arimetha, taking the body, wrapped it in a clean linen shroud."

—Matthew 27:59

In seven years, artist Barclay Totten has never sold a sculpture. He currently works as a janitor to support his "big break": an exact replica of Christ's body from measurements supplied by scientists studying the controversial shroud of Turin.

The sculpture, of a strong featured, five-foot-seven-inch man, lies in the middle of his small studio in Denver, Colo. "Whether this is the Lord or not," says Totten, "I think my work will glorify the Lord in the end." His work thus far consists of 570 pieces of cardboard, representing cross sections of Christ's body. Each section was cut by a specially designed milling machine to precise specifications as indicated by a computer used to scan the shroud. His work is guided solely by these measurements, says Totten, and "Every step can be scientifically supported."



Totten: The creation

Totten refers to his work as "sculpting by numbers." These extraordinary numbers come from Dr. Eric Jumper, a scientist and air force officer currently in Turin with an international committee commissioned to study the shroud. Jumper refuses to comment on the group's findings, citing the religious and political repercussions which could result from scientific affirmation of the shroud's authenticity.

Totten contacted Jumper two years ago about making the sculpture of Christ; Jumper responded with the invaluable computer cutouts and three orders for sculptures—one for himself, one for fellow scientist and officer, Tom Jackson, and one for the Air Force Academy chapel in Colorado Springs. Baptist Totten is also casting a sculpture for himself.

Totten's finished product will be a fiberglass statue made from a rubber mold of the cardboard figure. He also plans to make an interpretive sculpture of Christ using additional information from the shroud investigation, such as details of the thorns and scourge marks clearly indicated on the shroud. He cautions many will not like this sculpture It'll be"pretty gruesome," he says.

Dr. Ray Rogers, of the Los Alamos laboratories in New Mexico, and a member of the investigating committee, says he believes the studies will conclude that the shroud is genuine and that the image could not have been falsified. He adds solemnly, "These findings will cause an awful lot of stir."—*Patricia Calhoun and Alan Dumas*

POLITICAL UNREST

SOVIET SPIES COME BETWEEN VANCE AND BELL

A fight is brewing between State and Justice Department officials over how to handle Soviet spies apprehended in this country.

State Department officials say that the Justice Department and FBI have been overzealous in trying to "make an example" of accused Soviet spies. Attorney General Griffin Bell retorts that the State Department has no right to "molly-coddle" Soviet agents simply to prevent East-West negotiations from being upset.

In the past, most Soviet spies have been picked up and sent home with no publicity, and the Soviets have reciprocated. Recently, however, U.S. policy has changed, as indicated by the highly-publicized arrest of two Soviet spies in New Jersey whose combined bail totaled $1 million. Furious, the Soviets retaliated by publicizing the case of an American woman nabbed for spying in Moscow, and the arrest of an American businessman on currency charges.

All of which proves what Cyrus Vance has been telling Griffin Bell and Jimmy Carter all along: Openly cracking down on Soviet spies can have grave repercussions. "In this era," says a Vance aide, "an arrest of a spy is a political act, not counterespionage.

—Ernie Volkman

GAY DOCTORS GET TOGETHER

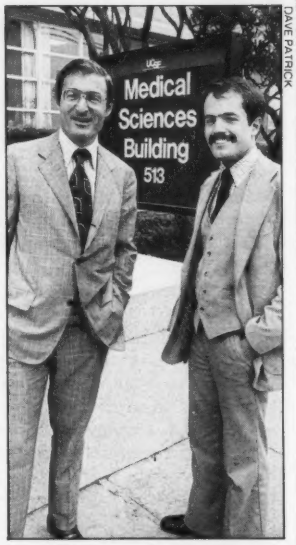
A FIRST IN THE ANNALS OF MEDICINE

Fearful that John Briggs' assault on homosexual teachers in California will lead to widespread purges of gays in other professions, physicians from the San Francisco Bay area have responded by forming the country's first formal, openly gay association of doctors.

The Bay Area Physicians for Human Rights (BAPHR) went public this summer when over 60 of their members marched as a contingent in San Francisco's famed Gay Freedom Day Parade. Since then, their ranks have swelled to over 200.

"The myth has grown that gay people are all transvestites or interior decorators," says Dr. David Kessler, an associate professor at the University of California Medical Center in San Francisco and president of BAPHR. "We're helping to change the public image of who gay people are."

BAPHR has thus far centered its efforts on increasing the medical profession's understanding of gay's particular needs. "There is a whole group of diseases in the medical curriculum that have been relegated to minor spots but that afflict the gay community more than others," explains Dr. Bill Owen, the founder of BAPHR.



DAVE PATRICK

Kessler and Owen

Owen points out, for example, that medical students have traditionally been taught that giardiasis, a parasitic disease, is found only in "skiers in Aspen, Colorado, and tourists in Leningrad," but it's actually prevalent among gays. In response, BAPHR has set up a unique referral service to get gays in touch with physicians who are sensitive to their medical needs.

According to Kessler, reaction to the group from their colleagues and the public has thus far been "very favorable" despite what he says was a great deal of "fear and trepidation" that the rabid anti-gay forces would try to create a child molestation hysteria over the number of pediatricians and child psychiatrists in BAPHR. The head of the San Francisco Medical Society volunteered his organization's facilities for BAPHR's regular monthly meetings, and they have been contacted by gay doctors in Los Angeles, New York, and Philadelphia about organizing groups similar to BAPHR in those cities. *—Paul Grabowicz*

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NewTimes

Paradise Lost

Cambodia today is a "hell on earth": mass murders; mobile Gulags, children informing on their parents; a border war with Vietnam. It all began with America's "incursion" in 1970

by William Shawcross

If one searched the world for the single country that has endured the most suffering in recent times—and that endures the most today—one would probably have to choose Cambodia. Five years of brutal civil war, aggravated by several years of an equally brutal American bombardment, ended in 1975. Almost immediately, a new war, with Vietnam, its Communist neighbor and former ally, began. At the same time, the victorious leaders of Cambodia launched a Communist revolution more total and more draconian than any the world has seen. In the last eight years, an estimated two million people, nearly one quarter of the population, have been killed in war and in internal purges. Today, both the war along the border and the killing of Cambodians by Cambodians continue without any sign of conclusion or resolution. The commentator in Hanoi may have been hyperbolic when he said recently that "the entire Cambodian nation is now facing genocide." Nevertheless, it is difficult to argue with the Vietnamese conclusion that, "In Cambodia, a former island of peace, a pleasant and gentle land, no one smiles today. Now the land is soaked with tears and blood . . . . Cambodia is hell on earth."

For those outside this hell, the events have produced revulsion and consternation but very little in terms of concrete suggestions about what, if anything, can be done. Many American officials have remained silent—perhaps because the events of today are an outgrowth of America's reckless military activity and persistent political ineptitude during the war in Indochina. Senator George McGovern epitomized the sense of paralyzed concern when he suggested that the international community take some sort of concerted action to unseat Cambodia's current rulers. Nothing came of his idea. Any sort of military action would probably only kill more innocent Cambodians in the name of stopping the killing. Certain political and military trends may alter the situation. In the meantime, Cambodia remains a dismal spectacle, revealed in glimpses, for the rest of the world to ponder.

Cambodia seemed to take leave from the world when the Communists, called the "Khmer Rouge," defeated the American-backed Lon Nol government in April of 1975. Virtually all communication with the outside ceased. Since then, the principal sources of information have been refugees who have fled to Thailand and Vietnam and the broadcasts of Radio Phnom Penh, which is the official voice of "Democratic Kampuchea," as the country was renamed. Also, a group of Yugoslav journalists and a film crew visited the country earlier this year, as well as delegates from friendly Maoist parties in the West and trade groups from various Southeast Asian countries. From all of these sources, it has been possible to form a composite (though not necessarily complete) picture of what is happening in the country today and to establish some of the reasons why.

The story begins in 1970, when Cambodia was still a haven of peace and relative contentment in Indochina. Its seven million people lived off the land, under the autocratic but relatively benign rule of Prince Norodom Sihanouk. The prince was an agile politician. His primary aim was to keep Cambodia out of the war in Vietnam. Although he allowed the Vietnamese Communists to establish base camps just inside his borders with South Vietnam and to land war supplies at the port of Sihanoukville, he did achieve something like de facto neutrality. In any case, the vast majority of his people lived in peace.

In 1969, under the direction of Richard Nixon and Henry Kissinger, the U.S. Air Force began the secret bombing of the Vietcong sanctuaries in Cambodia. As a result, the Communist troops began to spread to the west and deeper into Cambodia. That movement helped to upset the delicate balance that Sihanouk had maintained among his internal political enemies. Then, in March of 1970, while he was in Moscow, a right-wing coup led by Lon Nol, Sihanouk's prime minister, removed him from power. This development was approved by Washington, and soon thereafter, American troops conducted an "incursion" into Cambodia. It was then that the devastation of Cambodia began.

For the next five years, the United States sustained Lon Nol, despite the fact that he was demonstrably incompetent. It was the White House's own war; Nixon called the policy "the Nixon Doctrine in its purest form." The policy included a bombing campaign of extraordinary ferocity; in January of 1973, when the Paris Peace Agreement prevented the bombing of Vietnam and of Laos, the full weight of the entire Seventh Air Force was thrown against Cambodia, until Congress stopped it that August.

The principal results of the war were to drive the population off the land and into refugee camps in the towns; to destroy the village agricultural system, which was the basis of the prewar society; and to allow the growth of a Communist resistance movement, the Khmer Rouge, which hardly had existed before the war.

Before the war, Phnom Penh, the capital, had had a population of around 600,000. By the end, refugees had swollen it to about 2,500,000. They were starving, and cholera was spreading. When the Lon Nol government finally collapsed in 1975, the Khmer Rouge entered the towns and immediately thrust the entire population forcibly into the countryside.

Since then, the towns have remained empty except, in most cases, for a few hundred administrative personnel. Even Phnom Penh is a ghost town. Several thousand people are said to live in the suburbs, but the Yugoslav film showed that the center of this pretty, French-colonial town is empty. In some areas, the wreckage of war has been

William Shawcross covered the war in Indochina for the London Sunday Times. *His book on Cambodia will be published by Simon and Schuster next Spring.*

Photograph: Sipa Press/Liaison

cleaned up. But other areas remain exactly as they were when the Khmer Rouge entered the city. Cars still lie where the young Communist soldiers, in their excitement at driving for the first time, wrecked them. Grass grows in some streets. Shops, kiosks and gas stations are closed. There is no postal system and no currency.

Only one street—embassy row—has any remote semblance of normalcy. There are fewer than a dozen missions operating. All the diplomats are confined to their embassies. There are no telephones. What slight business they have with the Foreign Ministry is conducted by messenger. There is only one open Telex line out of the country—to Peking. There is no such thing as diplomatic confidentiality.

The only regular air link is a weekly Chinese flight to Peking. Within the city itself, occasional minibuses filled with Korean or Chinese technicians can be seen, but there is almost no other traffic. Every morning, bands of young people are trucked into Phnom Penh to maintain the water and electrical systems and to serve as messengers. Every evening, they are trucked out to the suburbs again, and road blocks are set up all over the silent city.

The life of Cambodia is now all in the countryside. Phnom Penh radio has frequently called the countryside one vast work site, and there is no reason to believe that it is not. The old villages have, for the most part, been replaced by new cooperatives, and at the same time, the Cambodians have developed the concept of the mobile Gulag. Thousands and thousands of people have been organized into work teams, always on the move across the country to wherever their labor is required.

Since April of 1975, the main emphasis of the government has been on the reconstruction of agriculture. Cambodia is naturally rather abundant, and before the war, there was (in Southeast Asian terms) little hunger and no famine. The way of life was indolent, but enough rice was produced for export.

Now, however, to contend with the problems of a ravaged landscape, the new rulers have reached back into the 11th century for an agricultural model. It was then that the same kings who built the vast temples at Angkor (which have survived even this latest time of tribulation) built an extraordinary irrigation system of reservoirs, canals and dams. It was on this enormous system that the ancient economy flourished for a time. In the last three years, the population has been ordered to build such a system once again. No one knows how much of it is now complete, or how much has survived this year's monsoon floods. But the human energy expended on it has been stupendous.

Quite apart from shortages of food, life in the new cooperatives is hard. Work begins at 5 A.M. and lasts for at least nine hours. Often, there is another shift, by the same people, at night. If not, evenings are filled by political study. Every tenth day is devoted to politics. The main lesson imparted is that of "self-reliance," the Maoist principle, which Cambodia has carried to lengths never attempted by Mao. The people are instructed in the need for Cambodia to depend entirely on its own resources, its own people; to be beholden to none and independent of all, especially its neighbors.

"Mobile Gulag:" Work gangs build nationwide irrigation system.

The main emotional and social glues of the old society were the monarchy, the Buddhist church and the family. The monarchy has now been abolished. The new constitution promises freedom of religion but states that all reactionary religions are forbidden. Buddhism is considered reactionary; pagodas are rice stores now.

Traditional family life is no longer encouraged. In the new cooperatives, eating is communal, young men and women live in segregated dormitories, premarital sex is forbidden, marriages are usually *en masse* and at the pleasure of cadres in charge of the cooperatives. Children are considered, for obvious reasons, the vanguard of social change. Parents are taught to honor the comrade children, whose political purity is unimpaired. Children, for their part, are taught to have no special feelings for their parents. Indeed, they are taught to watch them carefully for signs of restlessness or political divergence. Education, when it is not political, is technical. The Yugoslav journalists were shocked by the extent of child labor. Young boys and girls under 12 years old were standing on boxes to work factory lathes. At the port of Kompong Som, the crews of trawlers, the dockers, the warehousemen were unsmiling ten-year-old boys. The Yugoslavs warned their hosts that such film would not improve Cambodia's image in the West; the hosts replied that children had won the war and now they were building the peace.

Refugees also claim—and their claims are echoed now by Radio Hanoi—that the country has been ruled since 1975 by terror. When the refugee stories first reached the West in the second half of 1975, there was a tendency by some journalists and experts to dismiss them; they seemed to fit too neatly with the blood-baths that American officials had been predicting for years in Vietnam and that had not, in the event, occurred there.

In the last three years, however, the nature of refugee stories has hardly changed. People from different parts of the country, who have fled to both Thailand and Vietnam, speak of Khmer Rouge conduct in such similar terms, with such consistency, that it is impossible for dispassionate observers to dismiss them. Refugees say that after the forced march out of Phnom Penh, on which thousands of people—particularly children, old people and pregnant women—died, Khmer Rouge cadres began to sift through the population. The first purge was of anyone associated with the Lon Nol regime—soldier, civil servant, policeman, teacher. All these risked execution, and so did their families. Death has often been brutal. Babies have been torn apart limb from limb, pregnant women have been disemboweled, men and women have been buried up to their necks in earth and left to die slowly. A common form of execution has been by blows of an axe handle or shovel to the back of the neck. This saves ammunition.

Refugees also have reported that death is often meted out to those who have been well educated, to those who express doubts or complaints about the new society, to those who make love outside marriage. And over the last 12 months, party cadres themselves have been purged in many different areas thoughout the country. This has led to an increasing number of Khmer Rouge

Photograph: Sipa Press/Black Star

The New Insurgents: Vietnam backs the anti-Pol Pot guerillas

cadres arriving in Thailand as refugees. They have confirmed the stories that earlier refugees, their victims, related.

Tuay Mien, for example, a 38-year-old Cambodian who was a member of the Khmer Rouge for eight years, fled to Thailand a few weeks ago. He claims that in April of this year he was ordered by higher authorities to sort out "suspicious elements" from among the 900 families in his cooperative in Battambang province. Once again, anyone with associations to the Lon Nol regime was to be noted. He says that 700 of the 900 families qualified for his list. He did not say what happened to them. In June, he claims, outside Khmer Rouge units began to arrest cadres in his area. An official announcement declared that 40,000 of the 70,000 people in the area were traitors who had worked with the CIA.

No one knows how many people have died in Cambodia as a result of Khmer Communist policies, of hunger, disease or murder. Population statistics for the country have always been suspect. In 1970, the population was thought to be about seven million. Wartime casualties were uncounted. Half a million dead between 1970 and 1975 was a common guess. The estimates of deaths over and above the natural rate since then vary from a few hundred thousand to over two million. Father Francois Ponchaud, a French Jesuit priest who lived for ten years in Cambodia, who has interviewed thousands of refugees since then, and whose book *Cambodia: Year Zero*, is the best-documented work on Cambodia, believes the higher figure is nearer the truth. In a sense, the important thing is not so much the precise total of deaths but whether or not the government has used murder and terror as deliberate acts of policy. The evidence is overwhelming that it has done so.

Madness of this nature defies rationalization. But it is possible, from what we know of Cambodia and its new rulers, to suggest some of the causes. Cambodian society was completely destroyed by the war—far more so than Vietnamese. The victors were a very small army that had suffered appalling casualties. In any war, veteran soldiers who have experienced terror for themselves and the bloody deaths of dozens of friends often become possessed by fury. One historian of war, J. Glenn Gray, has written: "Blinded by the rage to destroy and supremely careless of consequences, they storm against the enemy until they are either victorious, dead, or utterly exhausted. It is as if they are seized by a demon and are no longer in control of themselves."

There are other, specifically Cambodian explanations. The Khmer Rouge were led through the war, and the country is led today, by a tiny elite that was educated in Paris in the fifties and fled to the underground to fight Sihanouk, in the mid-sixties. They learned their socialism from the French Communist party in its most Stalinist period. Their concepts, including fierce hatred of the bourgeoisie and a belief in rapid collectivization of agriculture, were coarsened rather than tempered by subsequent experience. In 1959, one of these young Marxists, Khieu Samphan, wrote a thesis on the Cambodian economy, in which he recommended that the majority of the "parasitical" urban populations be transferred to agriculture. But the methods he suggested were essentially moderate. After years of persecution, warfare and death, all moderation was foresworn.

The current warfare between Cambodia and Vietnam has ancient causes that modern times have only aggravated. During the sixties, the Khmer Rouge received almost no help from their supposed Vietnamese comrades. Hanoi supported and exploited Sihanouk's neutrality for its own purposes in Vietnam. After Sihanouk allied himself with the Khmer Rouge in 1970, North Vietnam gave its support as well. But Hanoi was still more interested in using the emergent movement for its own purposes than for developing the revolution in Cambodia. Recently, both sides have published documents and accusations that show that Hanoi's behavior toward its ally during the five-year war can only have exacerbated historic Cambodian fears that Vietnam was, as ever, intent on swallowing its neighbor. Relations deteriorated, especially after the Paris Peace Agreement of 1973, when Hanoi attempted to force the Khmer Rouge to negotiate with the Lon Nol government. In 1975, the Cambodians assert, the Vietnamese intended to liberate Saigon and then to occupy Phnom Penh themselves. This plan was thwarted by the Khmer Rouge victory 13 days before Saigon fell in April of 1975.

At the moment of victory, the Khmer Rouge still numbered only some 70,000, and the vast majority of these were raw recruits, children whose political loyalty was, at the very least, questionable. Unlike in Vietnam, the movement had no widespread infrastructure and experience of administration. According to one of Sihanouk's principal aides, there were only about 1,000 political cadres in the Khmer Rouge in 1970. The task of social and political control that confronted them was enormous. Facing them in the cities were three million people. Their subsequent explanations demonstrate that the leaders decided, just before victory, that the only way they could both control these people and guarantee their own independence from outside help was by instant dispersal of the population through the ravaged countryside.

The initial purges against all those associated with the Lon Nol government seem to have been fired partly by revenge and partly by the same fear of being overwhelmed. How, moreover, could such a minute group force an unenthusiastic, conservative population through a revolution so radical as to be nihilistic, without the use of overwhelming force? Once begun, the purges appear to have taken on a momentum of their own. Perhaps this is understandable. Why should such an emotional process be subject to any limits, let alone those that reason could comprehend? Fear has always fueled the Cambodian Communists. First there was fear of the *ancien régime* and then of the Vietnamese.

Fighting between the two new Communist governments began as soon as the last American helicopter had spiraled out of Vietnam in April of 1975. It took place in the border areas, where the Vietnamese still occupied their base camps on the Cambodian side of the frontier, and on the offshore islands, which are thought to be rich in oil and which both countries have always claimed. Talks broke down, and the Cambodians claim that the Vietnamese

Photograph by Jean Claude Fontan/Geoffrey Soutrelle/Gamma/Liaison

Cambodia's Rulers, l. to r.: Pol Pot, Ieng Sary, Khieu Samphan, and, in the wings, Norodom Sihanouk

have tried to mount several coup d'états against them since then. In these efforts, Hanoi evidently tried to use Cambodian Communists trained in Vietnam to overthrow the Cambodian leadership. It was these attempts that led the Phnom Penh government to order the dreadfully extensive purges within the Cambodian party apparat itself.

Radio Hanoi constantly reiterates how all those Cambodian Communists associated with Vietnam have, by now, been murdered. "What grieves us most is the case of two hundred and fifty children of Khmer cadres who were sent to study in Hanoi during the war," a Hanoi broadcast said. "They were called home by their parents some time after Cambodia was liberated. . . . They were all killed by Cambodian troops only some three hundred meters inside the border. They screamed, cried and yelled to Vietnamese cadres on the other side of the border, 'Please come and help us, uncles.' But the Vietnamese uncles stood powerless. . . ."

Such accusations have not been denied by the Cambodians. Indeed, Radio Phnom Penh recently exulted: "The Party has flushed out the Khmer-Vietnamese running dogs of the aggressor, expansionist and annexationist Vietnamese enemies who have sneaked their way into the ranks of our party. . . . Our youths have basically smashed and wiped out those agents."

During 1977, fighting all along the border became much more serious, and at the end of the year, Phnom Penh decided to denounce Hanoi publicly and break diplomatic relations. The Vietnamese immediately launched a massive invasion in January. It was a strange reversal of roles; the Vietnamese employed tanks and artillery left behind by the Americans and attempted a traditional main-force assault. The Cambodians relied on the guerrilla methods with which the Vietcong had, in the past, so successfully resisted American attacks. Tactical and logistical mistakes by Vietnamese commanders together with fierce resistance by the Cambodians, halted the drive.

There is little evidence to indicate exactly how the fighting has ebbed and flowed along the frontier in recent months. On the Vietnamese side, it is known that the pretty little harbor town of Ha Thien, on the South China Sea, which once had a population of 30,000, is now deserted. In Tinh Binh, farther east, wind bangs the shutters of empty houses, and abandoned dogs roam the streets. Dozens of villages on both sides of the border are deserted, their rice fields left untended. Refugees huddle under tents to escape the monsoon rains. Everywhere, there are freshly dug graves.

A report by the Voice of America, in June, that the Vietnamese had mounted another huge invasion was denied not only by the State Department but also by the Cambodians themselves. Journalists in Bangkok have been told by "intelligence sources" (American, Australian and Thai officials) that the Vietnamese expeditionary force numbers some 120,000 men, with 10,000 of them dug in along a front 50 miles long and twelve miles deep inside Cambodia. Until this year's unusually severe monsoon conditions prevented them, the Vietnamese had been flying constant air strikes against Cambodian positions.

The size of the Cambodian army is thought to be about 80,000. The fact that they have been prepared to fight bravely even for this regime underlines the extent of Cambodian hatred for Vietnam.

The leaders of Cambodia today have little association with Vietnam. The most important are Pol Pot, the prime minister and party leader, and Ieng Sary, the minister of foreign affairs. Hanoi refers to the government as the "Pol Pot–Ieng Sary clique," or sometimes, more expansively, as "the Gang of Six." This includes the two men's wives and Minister of Defense Son Sen and his wife.

Recently, the Vietnamese army paper, *Quan Doi Nhan Dan,* published a profile of Pol Pot. Some excerpts:

"Those who watched the Yugoslav television film on Democratic Cambodia could see that Pol Pot was the only smiling Cambodian shown in the film. . . . 'When did you first come to know about Pol Pot?' I asked a Cambodian. He said: 'When I came home from the rice-field one day, I saw my two-year-old child lying dead on a heap of ashes, with a half-finished piece of pumpkin soaked in blood in his mouth, and my wife dying of a head wound. She was panting and whispering to me—Try to find the murderer of our son and revenge me and our son. Then, I found out about Pol Pot.'

"In 1970, when Lon Nol staged a coup to overthrow Sihanouk. . . . Pol Pot himself went over to our base asking us to help. . . . When the time came to liberate Phnom Penh, Pol Pot had six divisions in hand. Clad in black pajamas and wearing a striped scarf around his neck, Pol Pot once said, with half-closed eyes and a with a smile on his face: 'How close our two fraternal countries are! What you comrades have done will be recorded in our country's history.' Although we did not see his eyes clearly, we felt the tone of his words to be honest . . . But (after liberation) Pol Pot . . . ordered the arrest of all leading cadres of the divisions and units which had been trained by Vietnam. He then activated nearly twenty new divisions with Chinese weapons and advisers. All Khmer cadres who returned from Vietnam to participate in the fight against

Children are taught to have no special feelings for their parents. Indeed, they are taught to watch them carefully for signs of restlessness or political divergence

Photographs L. to R.: Mihovilovic/Gamma/Liaison, J.P. Laffont/Sygma, Wide World, Jean Claude Francolon/Gamma/Liaison

the U.S. aggressors and their puppets to save the country have been murdered. . . . Anyone who happens to speak a single word of Vietnamese is considered to be committing a crime.

"Pol Pot is a quiet man," the Hanoi newspaper account continued. "We know of only a small number of talks he has delivered over the radio and some guiding documents he has written. . . . In commending a new group of cadres who assumed their duties in August, 1977, Pol Pot told them about the Party-building task: 'Although a million lives have been wasted, our party does not feel sorry. Our party needs to be strong.'"

Since the summer, Hanoi has broadcast constant appeals for a general uprising against the "clique" and has set up a so-called "liberation movement" in the border areas. It is under the leadership of So Phim, once a member of the Khmer Rouge leadership. The Cambodians claim that Hanoi's intention is "to annex Cambodian territory within a fixed period of time and eliminate the Cambodian race by Vietnamizing it." Radio Phnom Penh has described how the Khmers can best meet this threat: Every Cambodian should kill 30 Vietnamese.

The Vietnamese are now said to be massing for a final air and ground attack upon the Cambodians as soon as the rains ease toward the end of the year. But whether they will actually try to impose a regime of their own by force of arms depends in part upon China, the Khmer Rouge's only sponsor. Relations between Hanoi and Peking are now worse than ever before.

After Hanoi's victory in 1975, Peking, clearly alarmed at the prospect of a united Vietnam on its southern flank, began to increase its support for the Khmers and cut off military aid to Vietnam. The inevitable effect was to encourage Vietnamese dependence on the U.S.S.R. Year by year since then, fears of encirclement have grown. China fears the U.S.S.R. and Vietnam. Vietnam fears Cambodia and China.

In recent months, about 150,000 Chinese residents of Vietnam (many of them small businessmen dispossessed by economic reforms) have fled to China. Because of persecution, say the Chinese. Because of groundless fears aroused by Chinese propaganda, say the Vietnamese. Chinese economic aid has been cut off; Vietnam's consulates in China have been closed. Talks have broken down. There is now skirmishing along the Vietnamese–Chinese border, and Vietnam has asked its people to prepare for a "large scale war of aggression."

It is in this context that the future of the Pol Pot regime must be considered. The Vietnamese claim that the Chinese have built up the Cambodian army in order to debilitate Vietnam. A recent Vietnamese commentary stated, "The reactionary Pol Pot–Ieng Sary clique is a bloodthirsty lackey clique badly needed by the Chinese authorities to carry out their expansionist policy in Indochina and Southeast Asia. The Chinese authorities are using the barbarous social system in Cambodia as a tool to oppose Vietnam and undermine its activities, and then to proceed toward conquering all Southeast Asia."

Western figures, including Zbigniew Brzezinski, have complained to Peking. The British, American, Canadian and Norwegian governments have now submitted detailed dossiers on human-rights abuses in Cambodia to the United Nations Human Rights Commission. They will be considered in January. Amnesty International also has asked the Commission for an investigation. As a result of this pressure, diplomats in Peking and Hong Kong now believe that the Chinese are trying to persuade Pol Pot to abandon his sectarian policies and create a broad-based front involving Prince Sihanouk.

What the population now feels for its former God-King cannot be judged, but in the past the Khmer Rouge have had reason to fear Sihanouk's enormous popularity in the countryside. They cannot welcome the idea of allowing him out of the house arrest in which he has been kept for the last two years. But at the end of September, Radio Phnom Penh announced that the prince had attended "a banquet" in Phnom Penh. Last month, Ieng Sary, at the United Nations, handed journalists photographs of the Prince drinking a toast with Pol Pot. It must have been a macabre occasion.

At the same time, Ieng Sary invited Kurt Waldheim, the UN secretary general, and American journalists to visit Phnom Penh. At last it seemed possible that the displeasure of their strongest ally, together with the weakness of their present position, might force the regime to face the consequences of its bloodletting. Sihanouk is the only man who has ever given his country peace. The Chinese (unlike the Americans) have always recognized his worth. Throughout the war, Kissinger rejected suggestions, including many from his own ambassador in Phnom Penh, that Sihanouk's return to power be assisted. Kissinger's decisions were consistent with the negligence of all his actions regarding Cambodia. The postwar horrors in Cambodia might well have been averted if there had been greater political wisdom in Washington. Now, if the Chinese could compel Sihanouk's usurpers to pay at least lip service to him, perhaps real power would one day be restored him. It is only a glimmer of hope, but in Cambodia, hope was a scarce commodity by 1978.

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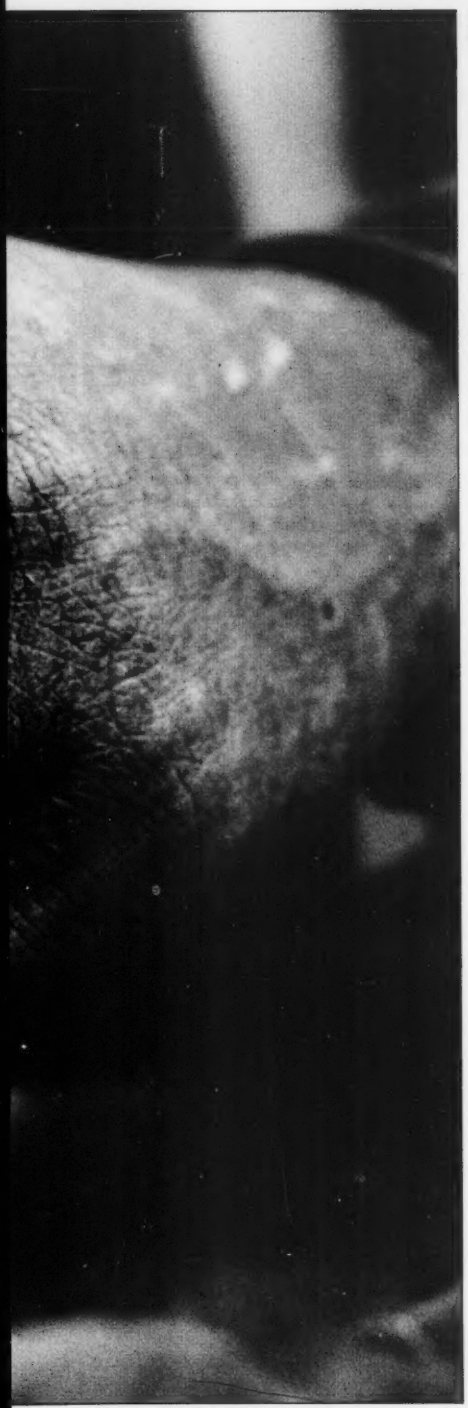
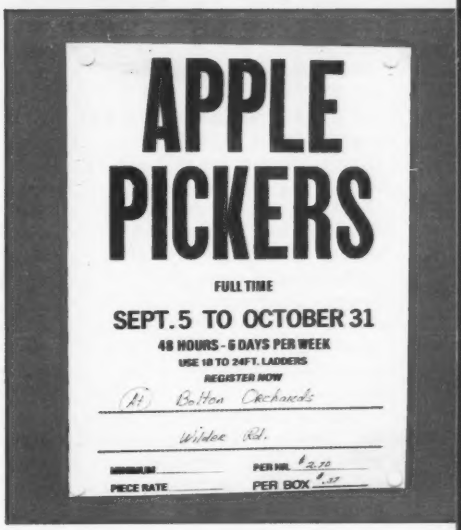
Bobbing For Jobs

by Michael J. Weiss



Migrant workers from Puerto Rico and Jamaica are competing to pick American apples



The Holiday Inn in sleepy Martinsburg, West Virginia, is nearly empty on this early September morning as three buses roar into the parking lot. It's not often that charters make a stopover in this part of the Shenandoah Valley; when they do, it's to haul sightseers through the area's lush apple groves. But these buses carry no sightseers.

The doors swing open, and 133 Puerto Rican migrant workers emerge, wearing Ban-lon shirts, sharkskin pants and carrying cardboard luggage. They squint at their new accommodations, tired and confused.

In August, along with 859 other unemployed Puerto Ricans, they were recruited by the Puerto Rican and U.S. Labor Departments to harvest the apple crop in New York, Virginia, Maryland and West Virginia. They were flown—at U.S. government expense—to Washington's Dulles Airport and taken from there, by bus, again at government expense, to the orchards. All went smoothly as they drove through Virginia's rolling apple country. Too smoothly: The buses never slowed down. As the men passed rows and rows of Red and Golden Delicious apples, they began to fidget. Something was wrong.

Eventually they were told that labor officials were having trouble placing them in jobs in Virginia. So the buses proceeded to West Virginia, where there was sure to be work. And until the Puerto Ricans could get jobs in the orchards there, the government would pay for their room and board.

So here at the Martinsburg Holiday Inn they are placed in $20-a-day digs, four to a room. Those with pocket money wile away their time in the bar, ordering Bud and trying to be polite without leaving a tip. But most simply pace in their rooms—angrily. The Puerto Ricans don't know it, but they have gotten themselves caught in the annual travesty played out in America's apple orchards between growers and the federal government.

Apples. The very word conjures up scenes of Norman Rockwell America: Golden Delicious poking from between red and yellow autumn leaves, freckled

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Michael J. Weiss is a freelance writer living in Washington, D.C.

Photographs by Arthur Grace/Sygma

The Apple of Their Eye: These Jamaicans trekked over 1,500 miles to take jobs in East Coast orchards

children on wooden ladders pulling branches within reach, weathered farmers in the backs of pickup trucks sorting and packing and roadside stands with hand-printed signs reading, PECK BASKET: $2.75.

The U.S. now grows one-fifth of the world's apples. But the problem is, who is going to *pick* them? In the 1940s, because of manpower shortages during World War II, apple growers were forced to hire foreign migrant workers, usually from Jamaica. During the fifties and sixties, domestic labor existed, but interest in seasonal and strenuous work did not. The apple slowly joined most other fruits and vegetables that had to be picked by migrant labor from foreign countries.

During the seventies, in spite of growing domestic unemployment, growers still have not managed to recruit enough local day haulers or migrant crews to pick the crop. No federal, state or local agency will stop payment of unemployment compensation or welfare benefits to those who balk at taking an apple-picking job. "Wages simply are not high enough to draw people off the unemployment rolls," says Howard Scher, a staff attorney with the Migrant Legal Action Program, Inc. "It pays better not to work." And so the stage has been set for one of the strangest bureaucratic snafus imaginable, a small tragicomedy that might be called "Bobbing for Jobs."

The U.S. Labor Department is charged with ensuring that American citizens get first crack at American jobs. When groups like the apple growers claim a labor shortage and request visas to bring foreign workers into the country, the department is legally required to make a concerted effort to find other solutions first. Which brings us to the Catch-22 of the apple harvest:

There may not be enough mainland Americans to pick the crop, but there are plenty of Puerto Ricans eager to do so—and under federal law, Puerto Ricans are considered American citizens. Yet there is also a federal regulation stipulating that any benefit granted to one group of agricultural workers must be granted to all others working under the same contract; those workers who require more than the federally determined "minimum standards" can be deemed "unavailable" for work by the Department of Labor. Meanwhile, Puerto Rico has had a law that has guaranteed its workers not just the same terms as mainland American workers, but more. Under the Commonwealth's Public Law 87, any mainland U.S. employer contracting for Puerto Rican laborers must provide minimum working conditions, among them: three hot meals a day, financing of nonoccupational group disability insurance and the posting of a bond to guarantee contract enforcement. Additionally, all contracts must specify wage rates, hours, discharge procedures, housing standards and transportation arrangements to the satisfaction of the Puerto Rican secretary of labor.

Growers resent giving preferential treatment to Puerto Ricans, especially when it means those additional benefits must then be granted to *all* apple pickers. They further insist that Puerto Ricans can't pick apples as well as the Jamaicans, many of whom have been working in American orchards for over 20 years. Growers say that the Puerto Ricans are too often recruited from the cities of Ponce and San Juan, from among street youths who have little or no experience on farms. Growers also complain that the Puerto Ricans are troublemakers, taking their employers to court when contract provisions aren't met. Jamaicans, on the other hand, are "docile": The $1,500 they can earn during the six- to eight-week harvest goes a long way at home, and what's more, if they complain too loudly about working conditions, they may be blacklisted or even have their visas revoked.

Though Puerto Rican and Jamaican apple pickers are paid the same hourly wage, growers say the Jamaicans are actually a cheaper labor force: employers must pay social security and unemployment insurance premiums for Puerto Ricans, but not for Jamaicans.

The confrontation between the federal government and the apple growers first came to a head over this issue in 1975. Because of similar frustrations over PL 87, shade tobacco growers in the Connecticut River Valley decided in

1974 not to renew their contract with the 4,000 or so Puerto Ricans who had been working their fields for years. Anxious to find work for this new pool of unemployed Puerto Ricans, the Commonwealth's Labor Department, in conjunction with the U.S. Labor Department, began to turn the screws on the apple growers. Heated negotiations took place about the 1975 harvest; a compromise of sorts was struck when Puerto Rican officials agreed to yield on certain requirements of PL 87 (including a provision that took the contract out of the jurisdiction of Puerto Rican courts), but agreement was reached so late in the season that the growers had already applied for, and been granted, permission from the U.S. Labor Department to bring in almost 5,000 Jamaicans. That was enough to get the crop in, and the growers contracted no Puerto Ricans, whom the Labor Department had declared "unavailable" anyway. Furious, Puerto Rican farm workers filed a class action suit against the Labor Department; a federal circuit court of appeals ruled that the terms of PL 87 "were more extensive and onerous [than federal regulations] insofar as the employers were concerned."

Round Two came in 1976. The growers won more exemptions to PL 87 from the Puerto Rican Labor Department, such as the waiving of the requirements for three hot meals and off-the-job disability insurance. That year, apple growers employed 3,400 Jamaicans and 613 Puerto Ricans.

Round Three, 1977: The negotiations for the next harvest grew even more heated. After the 1976 harvest, growers had persuaded the British West Indies Central Labor Organization to advance the Jamaican apple pickers' fare to mainland orchards. This deal sealed, the growers refused to provide travel money they had traditionally advanced domestic migrants, including, not coincidentally, Puerto Ricans. "The growers foresaw the Puerto Rican threat," claims Howard Scher, "and to offset it, they sought to avoid paying for their transportation." But the Puerto Ricans were riled by more than the loss of travel advances. In addition, they charged that the growers had reneged on a pledge to hire 1,000 workers in 1976. Further, they charged harassment by the growers, claiming that they were required to "clean" trees that Jamaicans had already spot-picked and thus seemed to be far less productive than they might have been. The growers shot back that 70 percent of the Puerto Ricans had performed unsatisfactory work and that another 18 percent were only "marginally" productive. Though the apple growers had to appear before five district courts in five states, two U.S. courts of appeals and Supreme Court Justice William Brennan to do so, in

"Your Chivas or mine?"

Chivas Regal • 12 Years Old Worldwide • Blended Scotch Whisky • 86 Proof. General Wine & Spirits Co., N.Y.

ONE OF THESE CAMERAS WAS MADE JUST FOR YOU. HERE'S HOW TO TELL WHICH ONE.

If you've considered buying a 35mm single lens reflex camera, you may have wondered how to find the right one out of the bewildering array of models and features available.

And you have good reason to wonder, since the camera you choose will have a lot to do with how creative and rewarding your photography will be.

Of course, what you pay for your camera is important. But it shouldn't be your only consideration, especially since there are very expensive cameras that won't give you some of the features you really need. So before you think about price, ask yourself how you'll be using the camera and what kind of pictures you'll be taking. Your answers could save a lot of money.

How automatic should your camera be?

Basically, there are two kinds of automatic 35mm SLR's. Both make use of advanced electronics to give you perfectly exposed pictures with point, focus and shoot simplicity. The difference is in the kind of creative control you get.

For landscapes, still lifes, portraits and the like, you'll want an *aperture-priority* camera. It lets *you* set the lens opening, while *it* sets the shutter speed automatically.

This way, you control depth-of-field. That's the area of sharpness in front of and behind your subject. Many professional photographers believe that depth-of-field is the single most important factor in creative photography.

At times you may want to control the motion of your subject for creative effect. You can do this with an aperture-priority camera by changing the lens opening until the camera sets the shutter speed necessary to freeze or blur a moving subject. Or you can use a *shutter-priority* camera, on which you set the shutter speed first and the camera sets the lens opening automatically.

Minolta makes both types of automatic camera. The Minolta XG-7 is moderately priced and offers aperture-priority automation, plus fully manual control. The Minolta XD-11 is somewhat more expensive, but it offers both aperture and shutter-priority automation, plus full manual. The XD-11 is so advanced that during shutter-priority operation it will actually make exposure corrections you fail to make.

Minolta makes all kinds of 35mm SLR's, so our main concern is that you get exactly the right camera for your needs. Whether that means the advanced Minolta XD-11. Or the easy-to-use and moderately priced Minolta XG-7. Or the very economical Minolta SR-T cameras.

Do you really need an automatic camera?

Without a doubt, automation makes fine photography easier. But if you're willing to do some of the work yourself, you can save a lot of money and get pictures that are every bit as good.

In this case, you might consider a Minolta SR-T. These are semi-automatic cameras. They have built-in, through-the-lens metering systems that tell you exactly how to set the lens and shutter for perfect exposure. You just align two indicators in the viewfinder.

What should you expect when you look into the camera's viewfinder?

The finder should, of course, give you a clear, bright view of

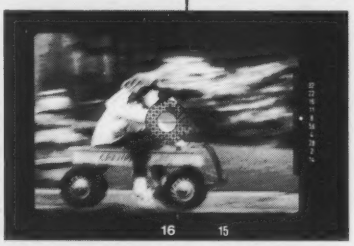
Automatic sequence photography is easy when you combine a Minolta XD-11 or XG-7 with optional Auto Winder and Electroflash 200X.

Specifications subject to change without notice.

your subject. Not just in the center, but even along the edges and in the corners. All Minolta SLR's have bright viewfinders, so that composing and focusing are effortless, even in dim light. And with a Minolta there's never a question about focusing. You'll find focusing aids in every Minolta 35mm SLR viewfinder that make it easy to take critically sharp pictures.

Information is another thing you can expect to find in a well-designed viewfinder. Minolta believes that you should never have to look away from the finder in order to make camera adjustments. So everything you need to know for a perfect picture is right there in a Minolta finder.

The match-needle viewfinder: just align two indicators for correct exposure. Because you're doing some of the work, you can save some money.



The electronic viewfinder: light emitting diodes tell you what the camera is doing automatically to give you correct exposure.

In the Minolta XD-11 and XG-7, red light emitting diodes tell you what lens opening or shutter speed is being set automatically and warn against under or over-exposure. In Minolta SR-T cameras, there are two pointers which come together as you adjust the lens and shutter for correct exposure.

Do you need an auto winder?

If you like the idea of sequence photography, or simply want the luxury of power assisted film advancing, an auto winder may be for you. Minolta auto winders will advance one picture at a time, or continuously at about two pictures per second. And they give you advantages not found in others, like up to 50% more pictures with a set of batteries and easy attachment to the camera without removing any caps. Optional auto winders are available for both the Minolta XD-11 and XG-7, but not for Minolta SR-T cameras.

How about electronic flash?

An automatic electronic flash can be combined with any Minolta SLR for easy, just about foolproof indoor photography without the bother of flashbulbs. For the XD-11 and XG-7, Minolta makes the Auto Electroflash 200X. It sets itself automatically for correct flash exposure, and it sets the camera automatically for use with flash. An LED in the viewfinder tells when the 200X is ready to fire. Most unusual: the Auto Electroflash 200X can fire continuously in perfect synchronization with Minolta auto winders. Imagine being able to take a sequence of 36 flash pictures without ever taking your finger off the button.

You should be comfortable with your camera.

The way a camera feels in your hands and responds to your commands can make a big difference in the way you take pictures.

The Minolta XD-11 and XG-7, for instance, are compact, but not cramped. Lightweight, but with a solid feeling of quality. Controls are oversized and positioned so that your fingers fall naturally into place. And the electronically controlled shutters in these advanced automatic cameras are incredibly smooth and quiet.

Minolta SR-T's give you the heft and weight of a slightly larger camera, but with no sacrifice in handling convenience. As in all Minolta SLR's, "human engineering" insures smooth, effortless operation.

Are extra features important?

If you're going to use them, there are a lot of extras that can make your photography more creative and convenient. Depending on the Minolta model you choose, you can select from a number of special features. For instance, some models let you take multiple exposures with pushbutton ease (even with an auto winder). Other available extras include a window to show that film is advancing properly, a handy memo holder that holds the end of a film box to remind you of what film you're using, and a self-timer that delays the release of the shutter so you can get into your own pictures.

What about the lens system?

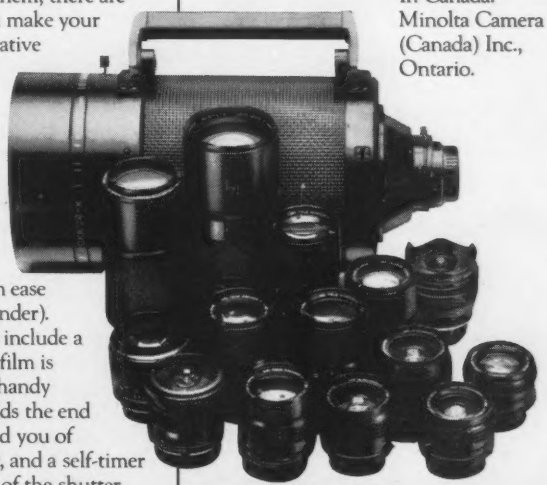
Just about every 35mm SLR has a lens "system." But it's important to know what the system contains. It should be big enough to satisfy your needs, not only today, but five years from today.

There are almost 40 interchangeable lenses available for Minolta SLR's, ranging from 7.5mm fisheye to 1600mm super-telephoto, including macro and zoom lenses and the smallest 500mm lens in the world. And since interchangeable lenses should be easy to change, the patented Minolta bayonet mount lets you remove or attach them with less than a quarter turn.

What's next?

After you've thought about how you'll be using your camera, ask your photo dealer to let you try a Minolta. Handle the camera for yourself. Examine its features and the way Minolta has paid close attention to even the smallest details. And by all means, compare it with other cameras in its price range. You'll soon see why more Americans buy Minolta than any other brand of SLR. For literature, write Minolta Corporation, 101 Williams Dr., Ramsey, N.J. 07446.

In Canada: Minolta Camera (Canada) Inc., Ontario.



Interchangeable lenses expand your creative opportunities. There are wide angle, macro, zoom and telephoto lenses in the Minolta system. Plus more than a hundred other photographic accessories.

MINOLTA

WE WANT YOU TO HAVE THE RIGHT CAMERA.

1977 they succeeded in keeping all but 93 Puerto Ricans out of the East Coast orchards, while getting the Labor Department to certify the need for the importation of 5,134 foreign workers.

And that's where it stood this fall. During the summer, the Puerto Rican legislature, concerned over an unemployment rate officially posted at 23 percent, but estimated at 35 to 40 percent in rural areas, passed an amendment to PL 87, whereby the Puerto Rican secretary of labor is no longer required to review and approve contracts with certain domestic employers, including the apple growers. For their part, the growers were supposed to employ 1,100 Puerto Ricans—even though the Puerto Rican Employment Service offered to refer a work force of 2,318 men. The growers were also permitted to bring in 5,345 Jamaicans.

"Who's to judge whether a Jamaican is better than a Puerto Rican?"

Like other apple growers, Harry F. Byrd III anticipated a bumper crop from this year's harvest. The 36-year-old farmer and son of Virginia's Independent senator, Byrd manages about 450 acres of prime apple land in Frederick County. He figured his yield would amount to 350,000 bushels, more than double what he had grown last year. And he wasn't alone in his good fortune. Statewide, Virginia growers saw their rich crop producing 10.7 million bushels in 1978—enough shiners to provide every Puerto Rican with an apple a day for a year.

But these calculations were made before the picking dispute began to stew in the valley. Standing between rows of Red Delicious apples on his farm, Byrd points out the fruit slowly rotting in the sun and the idle ladders and empty wooden crates beginning to disappear in a tangle of weeds. The problem, he says in a soft country drawl, is the shortage of "qualified" labor—meaning Jamaican farm workers. Without them, it is only a matter of time before consumers will feel the spoils of a butchered harvest.

"Did you ever buy apples at the store that were bruised?" he asks. "Did you ever buy apples that were mealy and soft? Well, we're going to have a lot of those kinds of apples this year. And a lot of them are going to end up on the ground."

Granted, there isn't a lack of manpower in Frederick County. The work camp's barracks, which sleep 1,063, are overflowing with migrant workers. The difficulty, Byrd says, is keeping them in the fields — *them*, of course, meaning Puerto Ricans. "Out of thirty-five workers I started with last week, I've only got eight left in the fields," he complains. "One worker spent five hours in the fields and could only harvest three bushels. A good Jamaican can pick one hundred and fifty to two hundred bushels a day, while a Puerto Rican averages about thirty-five bushels a day."

If true, such figures can translate to big dollar differentials for the apple producer. Generally, migrants in Virginia can request to be paid either on a commission basis of 32 cents a bushel or a minimum wage of $2.71 an hour. (The piece rate and minimum wage varies in the apple-growing states.) While a grower can be assured of getting his money's worth at the piecework rate, there is no guaranteeing he'll get, say, the 90 bushels in a 10-hour day he needs to cover the $27.10 he's paying the hourly wage earner.

This year, growers claim they have been losing more than ten dollars a day in "make-up pay" for unqualified laborers. They can't afford on-the-job training periods and have fired many Puerto Ricans who couldn't pick fast enough. The Puerto Ricans claim they weren't given enough time to learn the job, and that many of the firings have been without real cause. "The Puerto Ricans were never given a proper chance," charges Manuel Rodriguez-Escalera of the Puerto Rican Migration Division, which enforces contracts with mainland employers. "Furthermore, when a worker is fired, the local employment agency is supposed to investigate, demanding documents from the grower that prove good cause. This has not been done."

Byrd, along with most other apple producers, charges that before leaving Puerto Rico few island laborers saw job orders describing the strenuous work. "It's expressly stated that it's mostly piecework and requires twenty-four foot ladders," he says. "But most of the boys I've had were never told about these things. Many are physically unable to do this kind of work."

Although a government-financed program under the Comprehensive Employment and Training Act was initiated to screen and prepare Puerto Rican workers for the orchards this year, it's now debatable whether any actual screening took place. The majority of the laborers, according to their own work-permit cards, came from the big industrial centers—and some Puerto Ricans say the only orientation they received consisted of a short training film. "All they had to be was able-bodied and unemployed American citizens who volunteered to be apple pickers," says Art Jaffe of the U.S. Employment and Training Administration.

The applemen blow up at such naivete. "Those workers were supposedly screened in Puerto Rico," insists Steve Lake of the Frederick County Fruit Growers Association. "*Supposedly*."

But, Jaffe says, "Outside of dexterity and patience, I don't know what constitutes a good apple picker. Who's to judge whether a Jamaican is better than a Puerto Rican?"

The apple growers say they are perfectly good judges, and this year they once again found in favor of the Jamaicans. Of the 992 Puerto Rican workers referred to orchards in New York, Maryland, Virginia and West Virginia, only 368 found their original jobs awaiting them when they arrived. (Some of the workers later found jobs with other growers and employers.) U.S. Labor Department officials are now investigating why it was that the 133 Puerto Ricans were turned away by growers in West Virginia on September 9 and 10; why 238 Puerto Ricans were told "no jobs" by Virginia growers on September 11; and why, that same day, Maryland growers refused to hire all 53 Puerto Ricans they were expected to employ this season. The reason, it appears, may be the 1,784 Jamaicans that growers in those three states employed instead. "The fact the growers claimed they had no room or jobs for so many Puerto Ricans when they arrived either means they lied about the number of Jamaicans they actually needed to have certified or they lied about available housing," Howard Scher says. "Most likely, the growers overestimated the number of Jamaicans they needed, figuring that if they could get the Jamaicans into beds first, they could then say there's no room for Puerto Ricans."

That is exactly what the deputy solicitor of the U.S. Department of Labor told the Puerto Rican secretary of labor on September 12, in asking him to cancel the scheduled departure that day of 192 workers for the mainland. And that is what the 133 Puerto Ricans holed up at the Martinsburg, West Virginia, Holiday Inn were told. After they had stayed there a week, three more charter buses showed up at the motel's parking lot, and the men climbed aboard. This time, labor officials promised there would be jobs in New York. The men nodded their heads silently. But, unknown to them, 1,952 Jamaicans were already hard at work, harvesting apples there.

The Puerto Ricans had traveled to the mainland, the land of opportunity, believing they would be employed in East Coast orchards. Instead, after an all-expense-paid trip—the federal government spent $260,000 to transport, house and feed all the unwanted Puerto Ricans—most of them returned home penniless. They had never spent a day plucking apples. ●

80 PROOF LIQUEUR. IMPORTED BY W. A. TAYLOR & CO., MIAMI, FLORIDA © 1978

DRAMBUIE
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A LINK WITH THE "45"
This Ancient and delicate Liqueur was prepared in Skye when the Recipe was first brought to Scotland in 1745. 23/32 Quart 80° Proof

Invented by a gallant Prince in 1745, Drambuie is your "Right Royal" Drink.

This Ancient and Delicate Liqueur was once the secret recipe of Bonnie Prince Charlie, grandson of King James II of England.

You'll find its regal taste uniquely satisfying. Whether you enjoy it straight up after dinner, or iced anytime.

Look for Drambuie in its distinctive Carton. For yourself, or as a gift, Drambuie is one of the World's most prized Liqueurs.

FOREVER ELVIS

The King is dead. Long live the King

by Elizabeth Kaye

To Vegas they came: in Novas with Disney World bumper stickers, in Pintos with bumper stickers from the Luray Caverns and Magic Mountain, in Dodge Darts, Chevelles, Toyotas with bumper stickers that said I Found It, We Never Lost It, Honk If You Love Jesus, Honk If You Love Elvis.

They came on express tours, package tours, excursion tours, on Greyhound and Trailways buses, on Continental and Hughes West Airlines, flying for the first time. They came in Volkswagen buses with saxaphones and drum sets, in Ford trucks packed with cases of Dr. Pepper, from Winnipeg, Hattiesburg, Orlando, Toronto, from Portland, Oregon, and Portland, Maine. At Motel 6 they slept on Best Western mattresses; at the Hilton, they dined in one of our five unusual foreign restaurants, at the Boulevard Motel, which caters to adults, they ate free shrimp cocktail and full-meal breakfasts, at Sam Boyd's California Hotel and Casino they took luxury rooms that cost ten dollars, at Stardust Camperland they slept in the dusty seats of Chevy vans.

They brought bags of Hershey Kisses, bottles of aspirin, packs of Wrigley's, pictures of Elvis in gold-plated frames. Pictures of Elvis in plastic-laminated cases, Elvis' autograph in plastic-laminated cases . . . from the lawn of Graceland, Elvis' home, blades of grass in plastic-laminated cases. They brought Instamatics, Polaroids, the Bible, saltines spread with deviled ham.

They were ages three to 78 and they wore t-shirts that read Elvis Lives, Taking Care of Elvis, Always Elvis, I Love Elvis, Elvis the King Lives Forever, Elvis Forever, Forever Elvis.

They had been his fans. They were now his orphans. To them, the king of rock and roll had indeed been that, but secondarily. More important he was: the main person in my life, who made so many people happy, my hero, my son, part of my kin though we're not related. A leader in service, a leader in his time, served his country, just a normal GI, a Capricorn destined to be famous, really truly what they call a southern gentleman. Who: started something, gave a sense of freedom, respected his parents, kept the old values. A loving husband, a dedicated husband, a loving father, a loyal son, a loving son, a devoted son, very religious, very spiritual, my sweet Elvis, my dear Elvis, my good Elvis, part of us, my whole being, a representative of life, just like family but not like a lover, giving, forgiving, loving, magnetic, gracious, part of everyone's life, like my dad or brother. A legend in his time, who brought me joy, hypnotizing, mesmerizing, charismatic. A folk hero, a true hero, a true American, a true American hero, an all-American, not like a god but like a god, the greatest person since Christ, the kindest person since Christ, the most generous person since Christ, a messenger of God, like a god, like a messiah.

A modern true living messiah.

Once, time had been divided before and after Christ; now they divided time before and after Elvis. And in those 21 intervening years had seen him seven times: three in Philadelphia, once in Balt-e-more, once in Largo in May of '77, once at the Largo airport, and once at the airport in Balt-e-more; at the Paramount Theater in Los Angeles; in 1953 in Phoenix at the Old Fairgrounds at 19th and McDowell; in Memphis,

Elizabeth Kaye is a free lance writer.

Unveiling at the Vegas Hilton: Vernon Presley (white hair), Priscilla (white dress) and Elvis (bronze)

Photographs by William James Warren © 1978

Shaver: "Like selling apples at a stand, sitting here selling memories"

when we were with some French people from France outside the Crosstown Thee-a-ter; the night he took off in his limo, that two-tone blue Continental, the one he gave Linda Thompson, and had a cigar in his mouth and waved and had on a black coat with a fur collar and looked beautiful and went to the airport and little Lisa Marie was waiting for him in the plane.

The most devoted of their number had not simply worshipped him, they had lived through Elvis Presley, had followed him on tour, arriving in towns the night before he did, waiting for a glimpse of him outside theaters, restaurants and Hiltons all over the country. To do so, they had left homes, jobs, families, understanding husbands and bewildered would-be lover raising money for these travels by selling their jewelry, selling Mother's jewelry, taking second mortgages on their home

They remembered: the time at the Hilton in Chicago when the air-conditioner wasn't working and he left ' ause he got agg-re-vay-ted; the time at the Netherland Hilton in Cincinnati when he walked through the lobby through the front door to the Stouffers and he was with Rick and Dick and Dave and a security guard and all I could do was stand and point and why I didn't follow him I never *will* know. The night of December 23, 1973, at three-thirty in the morning, when he walked into the Memphian Theater parking lot after I waited for him nine and a half hours; the time at the Hilton here in Vegas when he was kidding around and talking in songs and he told the man at the Keno table to don't be cruel; that time when he took his robe off in Atlanta and threw it to the audience and my daughter caught it and a guy setting at the table in front of her, he just kept pulling on it, you know, and then he got away with it, an' all she ended up with was a button.

So they gathered, a cast of some few thousands who, through the grace or greed of Colonel Tom Parker, had found, for the daily price of a ten dollar ticket, a temporary spiritual home. It was called "Always Elvis." It was the official reunion of Elvis fans, and it took place for ten days this September at the Las Vegas Hilton.

The Hilton, its advertisements suggest, is at "the end of the rainbow," though its actual location is the junction of Sahara Avenue and Convention Center Drive, a corner marked by a 50-foot-wide, three-paneled sign. On the center panel, letters three feet high once proclaimed the name of the hotel's all-time-great, sell-out, record-breaking entertainer, ELVIS PRESLEY.

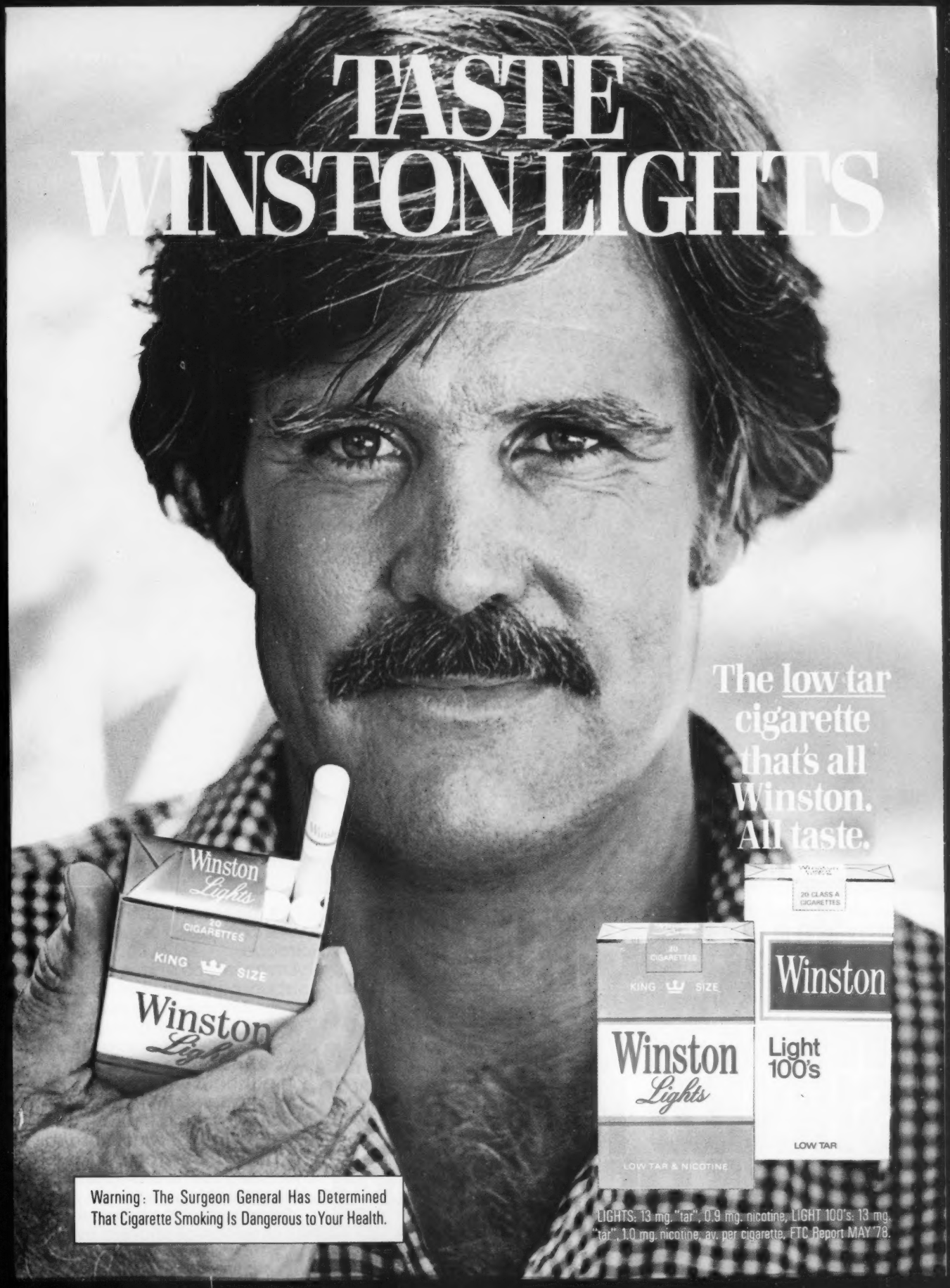
For six years, Elvis played more than a hundred shows a year at the Hilton, breaking all previous and presumably future box-office records, a debt Barron Hilton son of Conrad was about to acknowledge and repay by dedicating the hotel's giant showroom to Presley's memory. There was to be a ceremony highlighted by the unveiling of a statue of Elvis, sculpted, said hotel press releases, "by the famous sculptor Carl Romanelli," and unveiled in person by the father and former wife of the deceased, the latter having been paid to attend the occasion.

The Vegas Hilton, not incidentally, is also a business address for Colonel Tom Parker, who, depending on one's source, either masterminded or undermined Elvis' career, and who, according to a story that may be apocryphal but is, nonetheless, instructive, once made a living by painting sparrows yellow and selling them as canaries.

Along with Vernon Presley—whom the promotion without exception referred to as "Elvis' father"— Colonel Parker was responsible for the reunion and in part for a new five-screen film biography of Elvis that would be screened for the collected fans. The film would provide the nucleus of an Elvis memorial show that would tour the country, and could, henceforth, in the best truth-in-advertising tradition, be billed as coming to you "direct from Las Vegas."

The Hilton, like all hotels in Las Vegas, is lit to simulate a constant seven in the evening, and for the reunion's first week, three or four hundred people a day wandered through this perpetual fluorescent twilight, ambling through continuous screenings of Elvis' movies, the display of Elvis memorabilia, the stands of Elvis souvenirs, and paid an additional five dollars to see the new five-screen movie. But on the evening of the seventh day — the night before the Hilton dedication — first by the dozens, then the hundreds, the crowds began to multiply.

There were aging women with rhinestone flowers on hexagon glasses, women with girlish long hair secretly in their forties, sparse men in string ties, men with hair dyed black and thick sideburns who thought they looked like Elvis, a woman carrying a thank-you note she was certain came personally from Elvis for a birthday card she sent him in 1972, a 26-year-old telephone operator from California whose greatest thrill was placing a person-to-person call to Mr. Elvis Presley at the Queensway Hilton in Long Beach even though he wasn't there, a woman whose hyperactive grandson did not respond to Rita-


TASTE
WINSTON LIGHTS
The low tar cigarette that's all Winston. All taste.
Winston Lights
20 CIGARETTES
KING SIZE
Winston Light
20 CLASS A CIGARETTES
Winston
Light 100's
LOW TAR
LOW TAR & NICOTINE
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.
LIGHTS: 13 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine, LIGHT 100's: 13 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAY '78.

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1979 SCIROCCO. WHAT SPORTSCARS SHOULD HAVE BEEN IN THE FIRST PLACE.

The basic problems with sportscars don't exist in the Scirocco.

Amazing as it sounds, sportscars don't have to be high-priced, cramped, gas-swigging prima donnas.

Take the sportscar that spends more time in the mechanic's garage than yours. Better yet, take the Volkswagen Scirocco.

It more than qualifies for sportscar excitement, as it surges you 0 to 50 MPH in 7.5 breathtaking seconds. But Scirocco's not temperamental. It needs an oil change every

7,500 miles and routine maintenance is required only once every 15,000 miles.

Unlike many sportscars, Scirocco doesn't swill gas. In fact, with standard transmission, it actually gets 38 MPG on the highway, and 24 MPG in the city.

(Of course, these E.P.A. estimates may vary depending on how and where you drive, optional equipment, and your car's condition. But just the same, aren't they lovely estimates?)

Scirocco is even roomy. You can take three of your friends along with you. Or, you can fold down the back seat, and get as much haul space as you'd get in a small station wagon. And with the optional sunroof, there's even room for the sun.

Let's talk performance. If you are a purist who revels in a fine mechanism, Scirocco is for you.

Scirocco's powertrain is a 4-cylinder, in-line, 1.6-liter, fuel-injected, overhead cam engine designed to respond like a trophy's at stake.

Even Scirocco's front-wheel drive is unusual, giving you enough superior directional control to take a curve with relish.

Traditionally, the sportscar connotes an advanced state of design. The Giugiaro-styled Scirocco connotes the advanced state of the sportscar.

VOLKSWAGEN DOES IT AGAIN

lin but was calmed by the music of Elvis Presley, her friend who had just returned from Memphis where she spent the night before the anniversary of Elvis' death talking all night with 150 other Elvis fans on the lawn of Graceland.

They stood before a display of Elvis' personal memorabilia, including, said the sign, "His Personal Dino Ferrari Driven by Elvis' Security Chief Mr. Dick Grob for This Reunion from Graceland," as well as his cowboy boots, a Guild guitar, the ivory and gold phone on a gold stand he gave the Colonel on his birthday, three microphones, jumpsuits, coats and ten mannikins with claw-like hands dressed in ten of his costumes. For most of those staring at the relics, it was the nearest they had ever been to Elvis Presley, and now it was the nearest they would ever be. "I just can't believe it. I just can't get over it. I just said to myself, now Beverly, hold your breath and count to three; I remember that outfit, I seen him in it right here in Vegas. See that red coat, that's the one he had on the night I met him. Having them clothes on hangers after being on his body seems kind of unreligious; those are the real live costumes, I guess, but I kind of thought he would be taller. I think they must have altered the costumes, they're so much smaller than I thought they'd be."

In the exhibition area, Elvis' piped-in music was replaced by live bluegrass, played on fiddles by five spindly young musicians. "That music isn't right," said a fortyish woman with a long page-boy, who wore an ELVIS WILL ALWAYS LIVE IN MY HEART T-shirt. The bluegrass got louder. It was heralding something. Then through the crowd came a phalanx of men; and the fans began whispering to each other, and then, in the wake of these men, in a wheelchair, came a white-haired white-faced not quite smiling man, and the crowd parted, and he was wheeled through their center, and they became utterly silent, for it was Vernon Presley.

Vernon, father of Elvis, known in the last will and testament of Elvis Aaron Presley as "my said father," once rough-and-tumble Vernon who had been dirt poor and 38 years old before his son began to make it. Vernon, once a truck driver, poor too long ever to forget it, Vernon, whose heart condition was sometimes attributed to the way Elvis had spent money.

Then Elvis died, and the love that had belonged to Elvis had been transferred to Vernon, and Vernon, who had learned all life's lessons the hard way, had been first humbled by it and finally transformed. Now his face was suffused with a patience reserved for saints and the utterly defeated, the face of a man who knows he never again will be surprised by anything. Slowly he was borne past the people who had met him on tour, at Graceland, had written him condolence letters, and he sat passively in the wheelchair, a human offering.

Fans in Vegas: "The human race likes to put feelings into solid form"

Then: A young man broke through the reverent crowd and stood directly in front of the father. He was wearing a jumpsuit and had sideburns and black-dyed hair and chrome sunglasses, and the man wheeling Vernon stopped dead, and the man dressed like Elvis looked at Vernon, whose only perceptible reaction was the knotting of his fingers; and except for the scratchy bluegrass, there was absolute silence. Then a flash bulb popped, then another, and the spell was broken and people began calling, God bless you, take care, we love you, we pray for you, and security guards cleared the way. "Careful, folks, Mr. Presley's not very well." And he was wheeled forward and then was gone. The bluegrass stopped, and it was still except for crying. "He looks so sad. I never saw anyone look that bad and be living. I had a dream about him, I saw him in the casket, when I have these visions they usually die about four months later. It's hard to compose yourself. It will be just terrible if anything happens to him. All we'd have left then is little Lisa Marie. If Vernon ever dies, I want Lisa to get the money and not Priscilla. We're so worried. What will we do if anything happens? I love him. I adore him. I worship him.

"There's only one Elvis and only one Vernon."

There was a booth operated at the Elvis Presley fans reunion by the Elvis Presley fan club of Atlanta, Georgia, and it was staffed by three women in their early forties. Their names were Shirley, Marilyn and Laverne, and, like members of other Elvis fan clubs, they viewed their purpose as perpetuating Elvis' name and charitable works, and in his name their club adopted a foster child in Brazil and, in the year since Elvis died, donated $2,000 to the muscular dystrophy drive in Atlanta.

"I saw Paul Anka last night," said Shirley. "He had Sammy Davis, Jr., sitting in the front row. Elvis was never like that. He had his fans in the front row, not VIPs."

"All of us," said Marilyn, "had a feeling of well-being just because he was on earth. Just like a messiah. You always felt, as long as he was there, everything was okay. I guess that's why we feel lost now. There's a fear now that he's gone."

"We have to keep his name alive," Laverne said. "That's why I will teach my son what I feel about Elvis, that he is a good example of a good American, and I can show my son that he can grow up to be rich and talented and even if he is rich be loving and humble and also that he can rebel against society like with long hair but still keep his basic values. And my son will grow up and teach his sons, and in that way Elvis will live on."

Overhearing this conversation was a man who through the years had heard many similar exchanges. Smiling, he shook his head. "The last time this happened," he said, "was two thousand years ago. And this time, it's getting better press."

The man's name is Sean Shaver. He is 35 and looks vaguely like Presley and is told this by people who, he says, "have real bad eyes or have just come out of the sun." He lives in Kansas City. He considers Tamerlane "the greatest man who ever lived after Elvis Presley." He spent his teens listening to Elvis' music, and saw all of Elvis' 33 films, though he found them uniformly dreadful. "Only Elvis could have survived ten years of movies like that, put on a cape, walk onstage and still be a star."

Shaver started an Elvis fan club when he was 23. Around that time, he went to Memphis. "I guess I wanted to see if he was real." As it happened, he found the reality of Presley more compelling than the man he had imagined. He returned to Memphis many times. People in Kansas City would ask where he had been. He would say "to see Elvis." They didn't believe him. He took a camera to Memphis. For the last 11 years of Presley's life, Sean Shaver was his "unofficial official photographer," and in those years took approximately 80,000 pictures of Elvis.

In those years, as well, as head of a fan club, Shaver read half a million letters addressed to him but in a real sense intended for Elvis. Through those letters, he became conversant with the emotions common to the fans of Elvis Presley, a sensibility he both understands and is subject to. "Elvis," he says, "was a unique human being. There are other singers as good, other men as handsome, other people as kind and sweet and as humane. But no one else wrapped all those qualities into a single person. And in Elvis' position, he could have been an asshole. And he wasn't because he was able to laugh at himself. He was the best of us. And if he's gone, most of his fans feel they have nothing to look forward to. For me, for the rest of my life, everything I do will be the re-

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sult of what I used to do.

"All my best times are behind me.

"What it is, it's this: You can lose your king, you can lose your president, but he was like a god to them. And if you lose your god, you go crazy. Because if Elvis can die, what it really means is that they can die too. Here's this man: He's talented, he's famous. Not only that: he's making eight million dollars a minute. And if he can die on the floor of a bathroom at forty-two years old, what can happen to the rest of us?"

Forty-nine years old. Resident of Twentynine Palms, California. Pudgy hands. Wearing on her neck a ceramic piece, handmade, made by herself, mother-of-pearl and gold, carved with the face of Elvis Presley. Came to reunion with her husband. Brought a handmade owl as a gift for the Colonel. Brought a second owl to give to the Colonel for him to give to Elvis' daughter Lisa Marie.

"I originate from Shelby, Kentucky. It's a small area. In fact, I was born in a little old hut. Probably a smaller place even than Elvis, because my Dad was working on a construction job at the time. Originally he was a barber. He passed on in '75 of course.

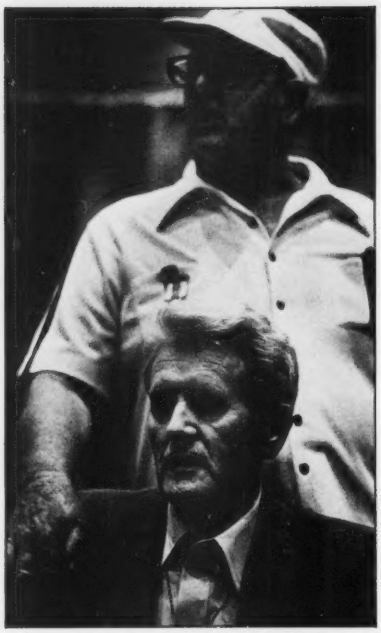
"Just a few days before Elvis died it crossed my mind we haven't heard about him lately, and a few days later I was at home and had the TV on. I was standing in the front room and they said he was dead. I felt I lost part of my kin even though we weren't related.

"After that, I had a feeling I had to have every record he ever produced. It jest seems I can't get enough of his pictures and mementos. I'm always searching for another picture of him. Maybe it's because I'm artistic. Jest recently I won two ribbons in the desert art show. I got a third-place ribbon for a modern painting called *Primeval*. And I got an honorable mention for a painting of Elvis.

"Both of us were Baptists, though I became a Seventh Day Adventist after I married Mr. Jeffers eleven years ago. They're all gone, you know, all my heroes: Roosevelt and John F. Kennedy and my first husband, John White, and now Elvis. I jest can't think of him as being dead, though at the present moment I know he is. I'm hanging on a slim thread, and I can't let go.

"I probably shouldn't say this, but it does seem to me that if I could have met Elvis and he could have gotten to know me there could have been a very lasting relationship. I hope my husband don't sue me for divorce for saying that, but I guess he'll jest have to live with it.

"Oh, there's one more thing I should tell you. I had a dream of Elvis. I dreamed he kissed me. In the dream, he was staying at my home and I was playing some of his music, and it seemed like



Human Offering: Parker with Vernon

he walked in from the library and I turned and there he was. It was so real. Like a dream in the flesh. He was wearing a tan suit. Not a jumpsuit. A suit with a lapel in the front. And his hair was black as a raven's wing. His eyes were real blue. And he had a sprig of wisteria dangling from his mouth and he was singing, 'It's going to be a twiddly day, my love, it's going to be a twiddly, twiddly day.'

"And then these young people called to him. They were in the carport in a big black van. They were hollering and laughing and calling his name and wanting him to come out to them. And as he started through the kitchen, I took his arm and I said, 'Elvis, would you please kiss me, and he grinned, and then he saw I was serious and he opened his arms and I walked right in. And it seemed like while he was kissing me it was like waves of weakness going through me, you know. Thrill after thrill. And it seemed like I forgot everything and it was jest me and him and I kind of groaned and rolled over on my back and I woke up and I wanted to hold on to the image, but it was gone."

There was a handpainted sign at the Elvis reunion above a booth belonging to Tony Sands of Elvis Forever, a subsidiary of his company T.P.S., Ltd., P.O. Box 14317, Dayton, Ohio.

Like each of the other Elvis vendors at the Hilton, Sands paid Colonel Parker $2,500 for permission to operate his stand, a stand that he shared with Charlie Hodges.

Charlie Hodges, employed by Elvis for 20 years, Charlie, who began as a guitar player, became a live-in friend at Graceland, who stood onstage with Elvis, handed him glasses of water and scarves, and whose duties included dying Elvis' hair. HAVE YOUR PICTURE TAKEN WITH CHARLIE, read the sign. ELVIS WAS CHARLIE'S BEST FRIEND. Beneath that, it said: *Charlie will be back at . . .*, and beneath that there was a clock. The hands of the clock were set for 8:00. It was 8:30, Thursday evening, the seventh of September.

Charlie was standing in front of an easel, on which was displayed a large color photo of himself onstage with Elvis. Standing next to Charlie was a large woman from Poland, Maine. The picture was shot in such a way that the final print included four people: Charlie, the woman, Charlie and Elvis. The pictures cost five dollars each. Proceeds to the Sunrise Hospital. Not all the proceeds. "Let's just say, " said Tony Sands, "a good percentage of them."

Standing at the booth was Wilma B. Beck, 61, white, white hair, glasses from Spanish Fork, Utah. She was staring at Charlie.

"I just can't stop looking at you," she finally said.

"That's all right," said Charlie.

"He was my son," said Wilma B. Beck.

"He was my brother," said Charlie.

"You're taking good care of yourself, aren't you, son? So you'll be with us forever."

"I'm forty-four years old," said Charlie. "Never felt better."

"Oh, good. Good. Good. You were his best man, weren't you?"

"He was my best friend." A pause. "Joe Esposito was his best man. I didn't mind because I helped the Colonel set up the wedding."

While Charlie signed an autograph for an overweight woman wearing a large button that featured a full-color shot of Elvis' backside in a gleaming white jumpsuit, Wilma B. Beck turned her attention to the piped-in music. Elvis was singing, "Put your sweet lips a little closer to the phone . . . ."

"I love him. I love him," she said. "He was my boy. I wanted to see Priscilla. I just had to see the girl he loved and worshipped so much. And you know, I talk to some of these nitwits back in Utah where I live, and they think he was Satan himself. A real bad in-*flu*-ence on these Mormons. I'm not one, thank goodness. If he did bad it was only himself he hurt. I couldn't see that he would hurt other people. He done so much good. He gave to organizations and orphanages and charity and like that. And never got no reward. And he was sweet and good to his parents. He loved his parents. I'd give my life, I really would, if he could come back and be well. Because he made so many people happy. I wish the promotion would get to Utah. All there is now is the 7 Eleven store and Skaggs drugstore. Those are

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the only places you can buy anything on Elvis. Oh, and K Mart. That's where you buy the records. Nowhere else you can get 'em.

"I spent all my money to come here. I don't buy makeup or nothin' but Elvis records. Oh, yes. I do get a permanent, because my husband says I got real stringy hair and he insists on it. But that's all. And I wouldn't do that if it weren't for my husband.

"I don't go nowhere just so I could come here for two days and see the things of Elvis. I never got to see him when he was alive. No shows or nothing.

"KFTN is the only station near me that plays any of his records. That's in Provo. They have a thing, they say call three-seven-four-double-oh-one-four, and then they play a tune and if by the time it ends you call you win an album. My daughter won four. She's just as much in love with him as when she saw him on Ed Sullivan. But she has a push-button phone. I have to dial so I never did win."

Charlie finished signing another autograph. "I never did get to hear him sing," Wilma B. Beck said to Charlie. Over the loudspeaker, Elvis was singing, "Let's pretend we're here together all alone," and Charlie sang with him, sounding remarkably like Elvis. Wilma B. Beck clasped her hands to her heart. "I'll tell the man to turn the jukebox way down low," sang Charlie.

"My sweet Elvis," she cried. "I have four daughters. He was my son."

Sean Shaver was selling his pictures a few booths from Charlie's, to a woman who wanted some for herself and some "for a very good girl friend of mine." He surveyed his photographs, spread out before him, behind him, around him. "I'm like an Italian at a fruit stand selling apples," he said. "Sitting here, selling memories."

All memories for sale at the fans reunion were strictly official memories, sanctioned through a company called Boxcar, the Presley end of the souvenir business, and Mr. Harry Geisler, owner of worldwide rights to Elvis.

Among these memories and mementos were Elvis pins, Elvis rings, Elvis pendants, Elvis earrings in small, medium and large, chains with the initials of Elvis' slogan, TCB (Taking Care of Business), formed in 12-carat gold, silver and rhinestones. There were necklaces, money clips, Elvis dollar bills for two dollars, assorted charms, assorted watches by Unique Time Co., featuring a signature watch, a Love Me Tender watch, an Elvis in concert watch and an Elvis alarm clock for $19.95. Scarves, tote bags and T-shirts in assorted colors, printed while-you-wait by John Maxman of New Jersey with transfers featuring Elvis' face and assorted slogans.

There were photos of his birthplace in Tupelo, Mississippi, reproductions of his pale green driver's license, issued 09 18 75, listing hair as BK, eyes as BL and weight as 170, reproductions of his dog-tag, of his marriage license ("Women across the world loved him but he loved just one"), of his 13-page will, newspapers from the week of his death, including the *Memphis Press-Scimitar* headlined "A Lonely Life Ends on Elvis Presley Boulevard," and reproductions of Elvis Presley Boulevard signs.

Clone Johnny Harra: Proving Elvis can never die, never be replaced

Also: photographs in gold frames, silver frames, unframed, mounted on wood, mounted on black walnut custom-made plaques that were fireproof, waterproof and available *nowhere* else. Also: photographs in Illuma-lite frames that blinked on and off, sold by a man newly come to the Elvis business and disliked by the other vendors, most of whom were longtime Elvis fans. "If you were in the business before August 16, 1977, you're all right," one of them said. "If you came in after that you're a bloodsucker. If this were a Travolta thing, he'd be selling Travolta things. If this were a Hitler thing, he'd be selling blinking pictures of Hitler."

There were framed copies of a poem by Charlie Hodges and one by the Colonel for two dollars. "We will play your songs each day," wrote the Colonel, "Cause you never really went away."

There were Elvis the King cups made in Passaic, New Jersey. There were mugs, candles, wastebaskets, letter openers, music boxes, pill boxes, buttons, belt buckles, banners, bowlers, coloring books and Love Me Tender book-ends.

There were Heritage Hall bed ruffles, ruffled shams, comforters, boudoir pillows, accent pillows, drapes and bed skirt to be ordered from a color catalogue with a photograph of a woman in an all-Elvis bedroom on its cover, wearing an off-the-shoulder nightgown, gazing at a starry sky through a picture window, waiting, it appears, for a visitation from Elvis.

There was a bust of Elvis in the permanence of fine porcelain by Goebel, the prestigious West German producer of world-famed M.I. Hummel figurines; a hand-cut crystal with inlaid cameo designed by Jean Hartwig and hand-signed by the noted French artist, made by Crystal de France in San Marino, California; pieces from a limited edition of 10,000 Elvis Presley plates not for food use and decorated with Elvis' picture on Limoges china.

"The human race," says Sean Shaver, "likes to put feelings into solid form."

Later that evening, at the Silverbird Hotel and Casino, a few blocks from the Hilton, several dozen people from the fans reunion went to see an Elvis imitator, one Mr. Johnny Harra. There are two schools of thought among fans on the Elvis clones: Those who do not hate them love them. These particular fans were exhilarated after the performance, for Mr. Harra, like many Elvis imitators, managed simultaneously to confirm that Elvis can never really die and can never be replaced.

It is two o'clock in the morning, Friday, the eighth of September, one year and 23 days after the death of Elvis Presley and nine hours before the dedication to his memory of the Hilton Showroom; seating will be on a first-come, first-served basis. Three hundred people are in line. By three-thirty, the line has grown to 1,000. By six, it is apparent that Elvis will do again what only he had been able to do: Fill the 2,100-seat showroom.

In the line that snakes past the Keno tables and slot machines, everyone wears straw bowlers with bands that say, "Elvis;" the bowlers are a free gift from the Colonel. Most on line wear Elvis jewelry, many wear Elvis watches on gold expansion bands still set at Eastern or Central time.

At 10:30 A.M., they enter the Hilton Showroom and take seats at tables to the sound of a recorded Elvis concert. Very loudly Elvis is singing, "It's over, it's over, it's over...." The fans drink complimentary coffee. At 10:35, Ricky Nelson, the first of the invited entertainers—all of whom are appearing locally—enters the showroom. There are screams of "Ricky! Ricky!" In the background Elvis is singing, "I'm So Lonesome I Could Cry." The fans press forward, getting Ricky's autograph for

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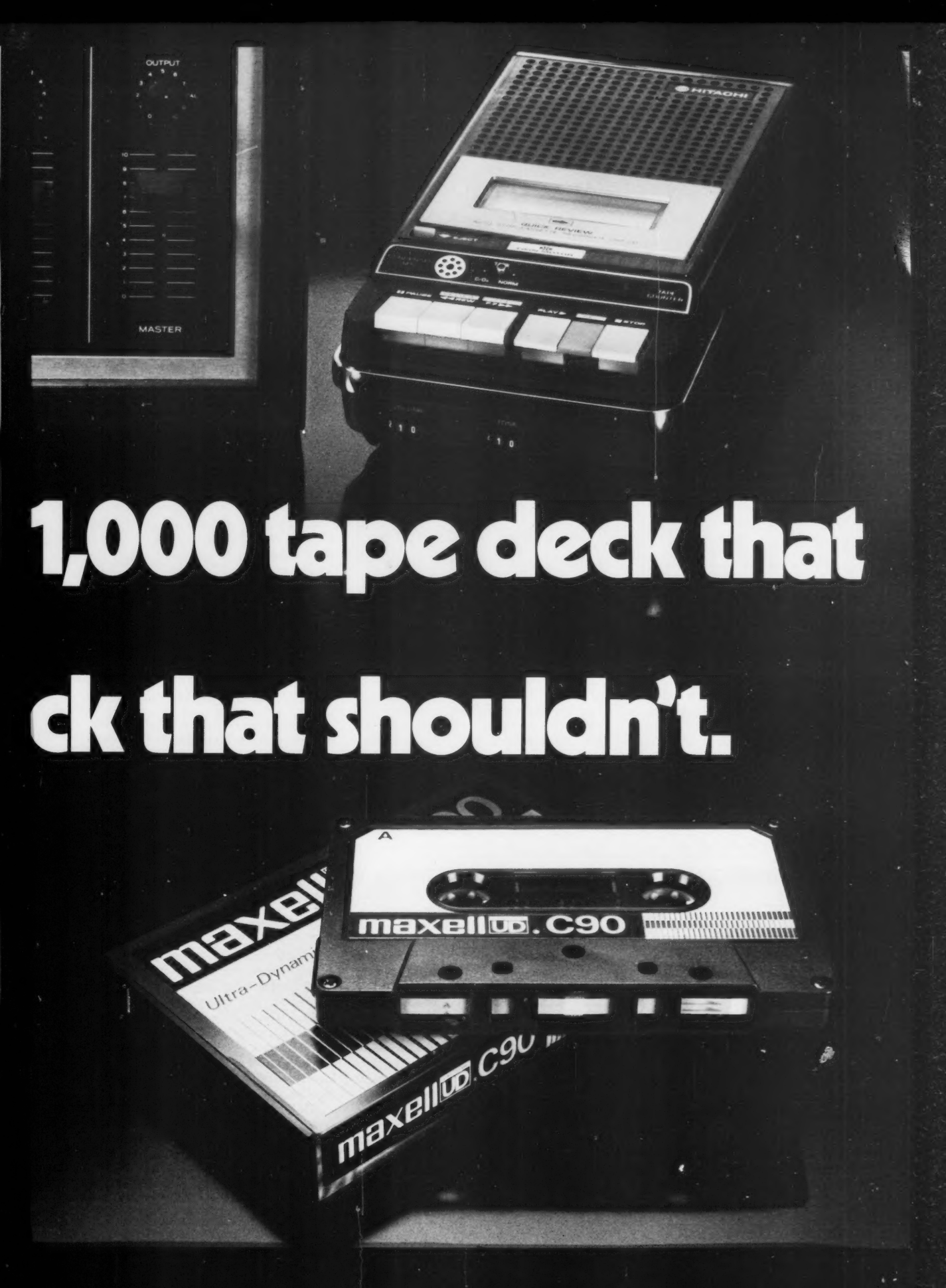

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ck that shouldn't.

Wilma B. Beck: "My sweet Elvis. I have four daughters. He was my son"

their crippled niece, their son with polio, their nephew with multiple sclerosis.

Elvis sings "Fever." Robert Goulet enters. Applause. "Robert! Robert!" Pop! Pop! go the flash cubes. Elvis sings, "You give me fever!" "Robert!" He blows kisses. They blow kisses. Elvis sings, "Welcome to my world, won't you come on in...."

It is 10:50. Charlie Hodge enters. "Hey Charlie, hi Charlie, Charlie, Charlie, *Charlie*!" The RCA contingent enters in suits and ties. Robert Summer, president of RCA Records, in a beige suit, white shirt, beige tie and Casio digital watch. Elvis sings "Long Tall Sally." The crowd claps rhythmically with his music. "I saw Uncle John," sings Elvis. The crowd keeps clapping.

At 10:58, the Colonel enters in a white golf hat with a red, white and blue emblem that says "Elvis."

"How are you, Colonel," asks an NBC radio reporter.

"I'm great," says the Colonel. "Everything is great."

"Take my hand," sings Elvis, "take my whole life too/For I can't help falling in love with you...."

At 11:02, Jackie Kahane, a small sad-faced man known as "Elvis' comedian," walks onstage with Barron Hilton and Priscilla and Vernon Presley. Priscilla's beige skirt falls to below her knees; her face betrays nothing. Some of the women in the audience are thrilled to see her. Many are not.

"She has no business being up on that stage," says one. Says another: "She should have stayed home and been a wife to her husband and a mother to her child."

"Good morning, ladies and gentleman," says Jackie Kahane. Cynicism, he says, is the makeup we don't remove with cold cream. He says the truth is that we are filled with emotion, says he takes comfort with those who loved Elvis in knowing his legacy is truly immortal. He introduces the special guests. The very beautiful Susan Anton. The very talented Ben Vereen. The very attractive Rick Nelson. The incomparable Sammy Davis, Jr. The handsome Robert Goulet.

He reads telegrams: Governor Finch of Mississippi regrets. Governor Blanton of Tennessee sends regrets and regards. Thanks, regards and regrets from E.H. Griffiths, president of RCA.

Kahane introduces Henri Lewin, vice president of the Hilton Corporation, who gives "many, many thanks to Carl Romanelli for creating the beautiful bronze life-size statue of Elvis." The statue is in the center of the stage, covered by a bright red curtain. To its right are three gold cords. Priscilla takes one, Barron Hilton takes one, Vernon takes one. Together they pull the strands.

The statue of Elvis is indeed life-size and is indeed bronze.

Barron Hilton looks at the audience. They are silent. It seems not the reaction he has expected. He waits for them to do something, but the 2,100 people in the showroom are watching Vernon, waiting for *him*.

Vernon walks to the statue. He stops a foot in front of it. He stares at the cold bronze likeness of the one of his two twin sons who did not die at birth. Thirty seconds later the requiem of Vernon Presley is over. He steps back from the statue, sets his face in a smile, and, at that signal, the audience applauds and applauds.

Now Priscilla touches the statue's hand. Strobe effect of flash bulbs. The crowd cheers. Reporters jump on stage. "Is the statue all you hoped it would be?" one asks Priscilla.

"Yes," she says, "all the way down to his nails."

Microphones at Vernon's face. "This must be a very happy moment for you, Mr. Presley."

"It's a very sad moment," says Vernon.

"I guess being at the Hilton brings back wonderful memories for you, Mr. Presley."

"It's very hard," says Vernon. *Pop! Pop!* go the flashbulbs. "Excuse me," Vernon says, "but I'm not going to answer any more questions now."

Two women remain at a table in the showroom long after the dedication is over. They are alone except for a couple who are taking pictures of two statues on the side of the room, 18th-century figures, high up on a wall, that were, it is said, originally white but painted black very late one night by Tom Jones and Elvis Presley.

"It just makes you wonder," one of the women says. "Elvis lived for us and he died for us, but while he was living he was trying to say things that were in his heart, like in that song of his, 'American Terminology.'"

"Trilogy," says her friend.

"Oh," says the first woman. "Yes. That's right. It just doesn't make sense," she continues. "There's people walking around who don't care about anything, who are rapists and thieves, and yet here's a man who offers his heart...." She breaks off and neatly folds her napkin in half. Then in quarters. Then in eighths.

"I'll be perfectly honest with you," she says finally. "I think he was here today. Each and every day he's with each and every one of his fans. He isn't gone at all. He's just resting.

"And he'll never die. We'll never let him." ●

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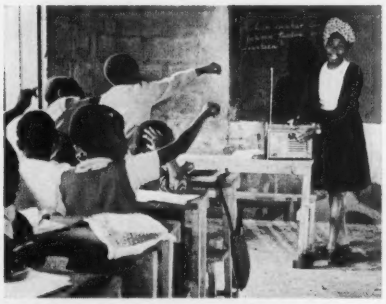

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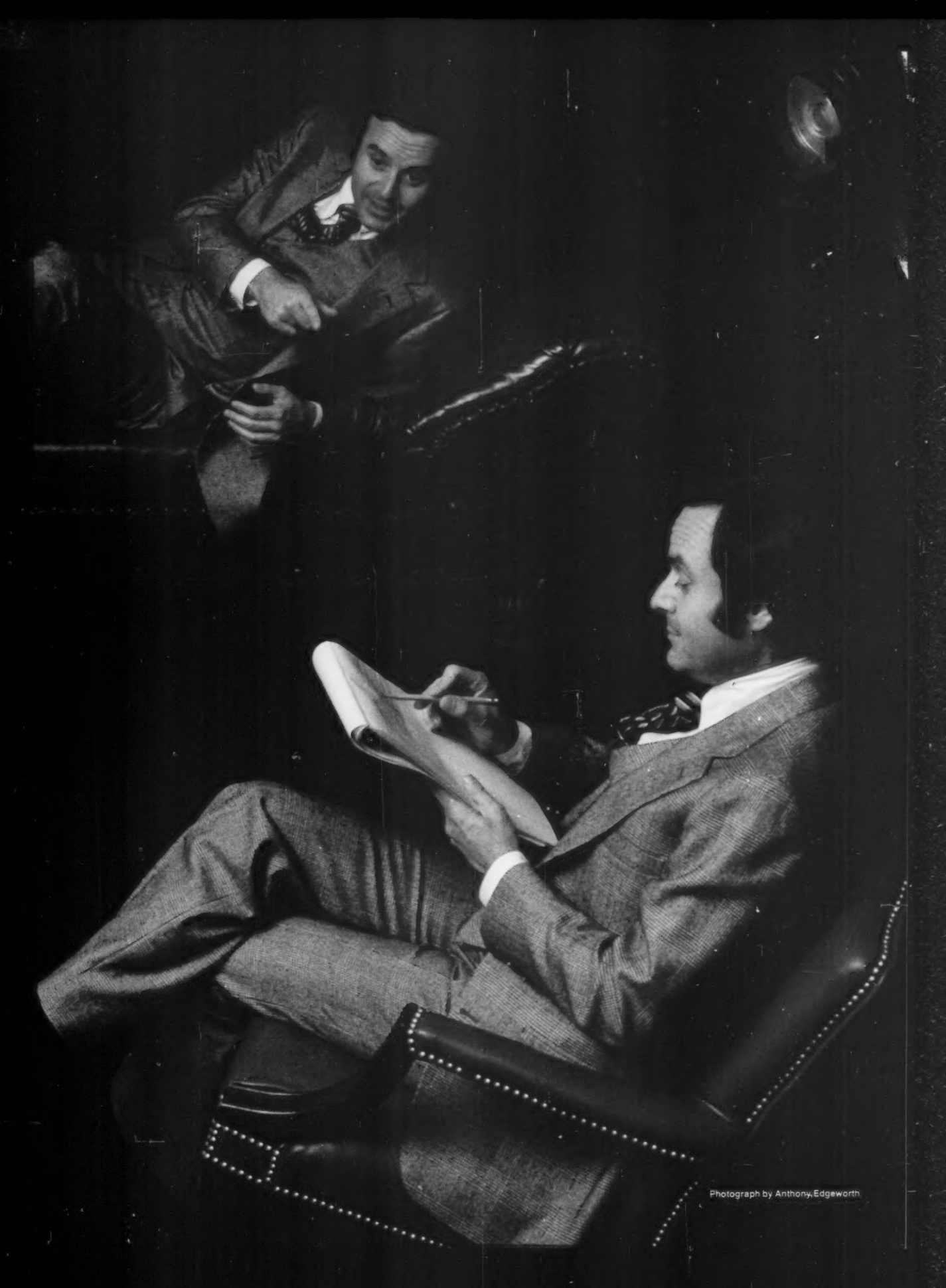
by Tony Kornheiser

"If I had Solzhenitsyn on my show I wouldn't get into Christianity with him. I'd say — 'Goddamnit, you live in VERMONT, what the fuck have you SEEN? You been to the Roller Derby, to the wrestling — you ever seen Richard Petty? What do you KNOW about this country?' ... Let me put it this way, if Tom Brokaw is worth $500,000, then I'm worth FIVE times that, I'm worth $2,500,000 — put THAT in your story."

— Stanley Siegel

Carson, Cavett, Dinah, Donahue, Douglas, Griffin, Snyder — The Magnificent Seven, the nationally televised talk-show hosts. Know what? There ain't a dime's worth of difference among them. Dresden china. Smug, polished, inaccessible. Working the same side of the street and doing it successfully because they've mastered that essential illusion of talk-show hosting — always appearing to be absolutely fascinated by what their guests are saying. But what you've always suspected about these hosts is true. Deep down, all of them are interested only in themselves. No matter how thick the Swiss cheese, if you cut deep enough you'll find the holes.

In the bathroom of Stanley Siegel's apartment in Manhattan is a framed blowup of a *New York Times* article



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Manhattan

Bloody Mary

Alexander

about New York morning talk-show hosts: Jeanne Parr, Jim Nabors, Phil Donahue and Stanley Siegel. But you cannot read about anyone other than Stanley, because Stanley has fastened sheets of waxed paper over the sections of the article that do not discuss him.

Up front, Stanley Siegel isn't interested in reading about a Jeanne Paar, a Jim Nabors or a Phil Donahue.

Up front, Stanley Siegel is interested only in Stanley Siegel.

"Everything in life is a backdrop for me," Stanley says. "I'm the star of this movie."

Now I want you to underline this so that when the time comes, you will remember it.

Stanley Siegel is the next great TV talk-show host.

What does it take? Interviewing skill? If Greta Garbo would come on his show, in 15 minutes he'd have her talking like Irwin Corey. Balls? Are you kidding? If it became necessary, in the next segment he'd drop his pants. Heavens to Howard Beale, are you ready for Stanley? The man has no shame; he will do anything to make you like him. Anything. With the others, it's just a job. With Stanley, it's his very life.

Ladies and gentlemen, it's you Stanley's talking to. All you pretty WIMMEN, and you know who I'm talking about. All you BACK-door men, and you know who you are. I'm Stanley Siegel, and I'm making you a promise. I won't let you down. This ain't gonna be no TET offensive, this ain't gonna be no Gulf of TONKIN, we ain't building no B-1 bomber here. If this show goes into the dumper, I'm taking my guests down with me. NOBODY'S getting off scot-free.

Anything.

You don't just sit back and watch Stanley like you sit back and watch Merv. Johnny doesn't say about Rod McKuen, "He's such a phony, it's incomprehensible people can listen to him and still live." Dinah doesn't bring a psychoanalyst on camera each week, lie on the couch and tell her, "I've got a tremendous amount of resentment for my parents.... I associate being Jewish with being weak, insecure and neurotic." Donahue doesn't place an on-the-air telephone call to Sophia Loren, have her put her lips against her TV screen, then give the camera a passionate kiss and ask her, "Did you feel that? You know I always wanted to kiss you." Cavett, when he is asked, "What do you find offensive? " does not answer, "Bill Cullen." Tom Snyder, for all his gall, wouldn't take a film crew into Miss Lillian's home in Plains, have her open her refrigerator to the world and ask her, "You got anything old in there? You got any old onion dip?"

Tony Kornheiser is a Writer.

Stanley knows that box they're in better than all of them. He understands that a guest is just a prop for his own career. This isn't Mike we're talking about; this isn't someone who just follows the script. God forbid someone tells Mike, "I've just killed my mother." Why, the dear boy is totally lost until his producer holds up the cue card that says, "Why?"

Stanley KNOWS what he's doing out there.

And he's doing it live.

Hey, that camera is his food, and he's taking bites that could choke a horse. He's reaching through that set, grabbing the back of your neck and holding on. Stanley's making contact. A guest gets maybe two minutes to start spilling his guts. Stanley doesn't suffer wallflowers out there. On his debut show on WCBS-TV in October, Stanley didn't even give Henry Fonda time to get comfortable before saying to him—and remember, this is one of the legendary American actors—"Mr. Fonda, I hear you're somewhat reluctant to talk about your personal life. Well, I'm not. I'm going to reveal things about myself now, and maybe you'll feel more comfortable and start opening up to us." Classic Stanley. Plan A is: I'll show you mine if you show me yours. Plan B is: I'll show you mine even if you're not ready to show me yours. Plan C is: I'll show you mine, and who cares about yours?

"Mr. Fonda, I hear you're somewhat reluctant to talk about your personal life. Well, I'm not. I'm going to reveal things about myself now, and maybe you'll start opening up to us"

Stanley arrived at these plans early in life. "I was a reporter in Los Angeles," he says, "and I realized that I was much more interesting than the subjects and people I was writing about." You think Fonda was prepared for Stanley? Compared to Stanley, guys like Carson, Douglas and Griffin are so bland that vanilla is too spicy a description.

"He never did any real research," said Wally Zimmerman, who produced Stanley's news-interview show in Green Bay, Wisconsin. "He didn't have to. Stanley was always going to be Stanley, anyway. He knew who he was. It was a fire storm every day. The tack he took in interviews was, whenever it got down to issues and things not related to him, he'd get bored and change the subject."

Stanley's new gig, his 15th different job since 1960, is with WCBS-TV in New York, the flagship local station of the CBS television network. The bad news is that his office is the size of a closet. The good news is that it has a nice view of an air shaft. This same office most recently belonged to Jeanne Parr, and before her to Pat Collins, and before her to John Bartholomew Tucker. All were New York talk-show hosts, accent on *were*. It is an unspoken policy, according to a WCBS staffer, that the station gets bored easily and changes talk-show hosts at least once every two years. For purposes of bookkeeping, WCBS talk-show hosts are housed in the station's public affairs division.

"Public affairs," Stanley says when answering the phone.

Do you know what Stanley thinks public affairs are? If Donny Osmond were caught in the back seat of a Ford with Kristy McNichol, *that* would be a public affair.

"Look," Stanley is saying, "we have enough information in life, don't we? I'm not fundamentally after information, I'm after responses, reactions.... Did you see *Face the Nation* the other day? On *Face the Nation*, there was Admiral Hyman Rickover being interviewed by Haynes Johnson, Ike Pappas and Sweet George Herman. He intimidated them. They were SHEEP. Three blind mice. He was lecturing and HECTORING them. That's the NEWS business. Fuck the news business. What would I have done? 'ADMIRAL, give us a break. What's going ON here?' "

Stanley speaks in capital letters.

That's one of the things Roger Ailes likes about him. Ailes, who has the office next door, is Stanley's executive producer at WCBS. You may remember Ailes from 1968. He masterminded the television campaign of a candidate named Richard Nixon. It is joked that Ailes has promised Stanley the presidency. When Roger Ailes talks, people listen. Ailes says there are seven major companies out there looking for the next talk-show host. Roger Ailes says they aren't looking hard enough.

"I've got him," Ailes says. "Next door."

And then Ailes says, "I may think he's a phony and a prick in two weeks, but I don't now. You wanna know what I like about Stanley? If he thinks he's right about something, he'll do it right out in

Photograph: WCBS-TV/New York

the streets and scare the horses. That's what I like."

Anything.

"O great Guru, I have come for my lesson."

"Today, my son, we shall discuss television talk-show guests. You must remember that there is no such thing as just a Guest. No, there are Good Guests—like singers, dancers, actors, diet doctors, impressionists, politicians and any or all of the Gabors. And there are Better Guests—like authors, directors, comedians and what are called 'complete entertainers,' like Wayne Newton and Charo. Then there are Very Good Guests—Brando, Sinatra, Streisand and Lassie. Finally, there are Ultimate Guests."

"Ultimate Guests, Guru?"

"Yes, my son. The Pope. J.D. Salinger. Jackie O."

"But Guru, I have never seen them on talk shows."

"Precisely, my son. An Ultimate Guest would never appear on a talk show. This is the crucial lesson for the talk-show host in Orlando who thinks all that separates him from Johnny is a fifteen-minute interview with an Ultimate Guest. 'Get me the Pope' he tells his producer. This is called dreaming, my son."

On the morning of July 18, 1978, on WABC-TV, where he used to work, Stanley Siegel had one of the Very Good Guests.

He had Truman Capote.

He had him live.

He had him for an hour.

He also had him slobberingly drunk and so loaded with pills that if you turned him upside down and shook him, he would've sounded like a pinball machine.

In that hour — more precisely, in those 17 minutes, because, after 17 minutes, the program director pulled the plug in what might be the first recorded act of euthanasia on New York television —Truman Capote was an Ultimate Guest. And Stanley Siegel took the early lead for the Howard Beale Award.

As Capote was introduced, his head lolled dystrophically, his bloated, pink cheeks puffed spastically like a fish out of water, his eyes rolled in their sockets, white pinwheels streaked blood red. He rubbed his hands across his cheeks, as if wiping away an invisible sauce. Any second now Jerry Lewis would enter, singing "I Believe," asking for donations.

Words cannot accurately describe the look on Stanley's face. Cheryl Washington, a production assistant, later called it "sheer terror."

Stanley had a dead man sitting next to him.

Two choices. Pull the sheet over Capote's head or attempt mouth-to-mouth resuscitation. It was certainly no time to get fancy.

"What has Tom Brokaw done? A few news interviews? I mean, TOM, God forbid you were to die tomorrow. With all due respect, I wouldn't have a single thing to say about you"

"I haaaven't been to bed for about forty-eight hoursss," Capote said, slurring so badly that it took nearly one minute to say what normally requires three seconds. "... But when I *say* I'll do sssomething, I weally do it."

"How do you feel this morning?"

"... Welll, sssomeone sssaid, you've *got* to get dwesssedd *up*. The progwamm ...But my life is sssoooo ssstwaaaange — it's ss not like *any*bodddy's."

Capote laid his tongue outside his mouth, and it made a clicking sound as it lapped against his cheek. You could drive a truck through the holes in the conversation.

Stanley, who normally touches his guests with such frequency you'd think he reaches orgasm through his fingers, touched Capote only occasionally, as if to say,"What if this is communicable? It'd sure screw up my career."

"Truman, let me ask you a question. Are you all right? Would you like to come back another time?"

"I'm ffine. I'm *purr*fectly all right."

"... What I'm saying is, people will ask, 'Stanley, why did you put Truman on television?'... You've had a history of alcoholism?"

"Oh my God, thass the *least* of it. My problem hass *never* been dwinking — ists been taking *dwugs*. I put them togethher, like some kind of cocktail."

"Have you done it lately?"

"I've been doooing it for twenty years."

"Why are you doing it?"

"I can tellll you in one *word*— angsyitee.... My mother used to *lock* me in rooms, and I developed this *fan*tastic anxiety.... No analyst has ever been able to unlock this, this *thinggg*."

"What do you care about?"

"Thass a good question. I'm beginning to wonder."

"Well, we care about you. Does it matter to you — that we care?...What's going to happen to you?"

"I don't *know*. I do it for *months* and *months*.... The obvious answer is that eventually I'll kill *my*self without meaning to."

"...But can't you find the courage to get a handle on this problem? Can't you, Truman? For the love of God, for the love of your own life?"

"Maybe *yes*, maybe *no*.... Iss a real thing.... It did in two people I weally like, Monty Clift and Marilyn. I *don't* know. I just don't *know*."

Stanley has a tape of that show. He watches all his tapes so frequently that people near him start to itch, but this is his favorite. He has seen it seven, eight, maybe nine times, and each time he sees it — and he gets real close to the monitor — he begins shivering. He has spent $20,000 in the last three years trying to work out his own emotional problems through analysis, so he would never run any way but toward a fellow crazie. Stanley is proud of that tape. And with good reason. He was superb.

There were compelling reasons against putting Capote on that morning, not the least of which was that the station general manager, Kenneth MacQueen, wouldn't have approved. There were the matters of defamation of character, invasion of privacy and common decency. But, as Stanley will argue, there were equally compelling reasons to put Capote on, including television's responsibility to reality, the public's right to know and the value of putting an overt example of drug abuse, by a famous, respected talent, out there, instead of showing the standard documentary featuring nameless winos.

But there is a deeper, more personal reason why Stanley Siegel put Truman Capote — dead drunk and semicoherent—on live TV, a reason that touches the very core of who Stanley is and what he needs, and concurrently touches the core of all The Magnificent Seven, because they are one and the same. Stanley and Carson and Cavett and all of them need to be heroic, respected and loved. The difference in their needs is minimal. But Stanley is the only one among them who would have dared put Capote on; the others would have been scared. That alone makes Stanley worth our attention.

"If I don't put him on," Stanley Siegel said six weeks after the show was aired, "I don't have a hair on my ass."

The others might have felt it, but they wouldn't have said it.

And they wouldn't have done it.

Over here, Diogenes. Your search is over.

The first time I saw Stanley's show, he was placing a telephone call to the Queen of England to complain about

Photograph by Mike Cardacino/Photoreporters

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The SU-7100 also has low-distortion main tone controls. Two-way tape dubbing. A 41-step master volume control. A or B speaker selection. And more.

That's what you get with the SU-7100 amp. What you get with our ST-7300 tuner is just as impressive. Starting with a test-signal generator for optimum FM recording level settings. And like our expensive tuners, the ST-7300 gives you flat group delay filters for high selectivity and low phase distortion. Phase Locked Loop IC's for low distortion and wide, stable stereo separation. And zero-center and signal-strength tuning meters.

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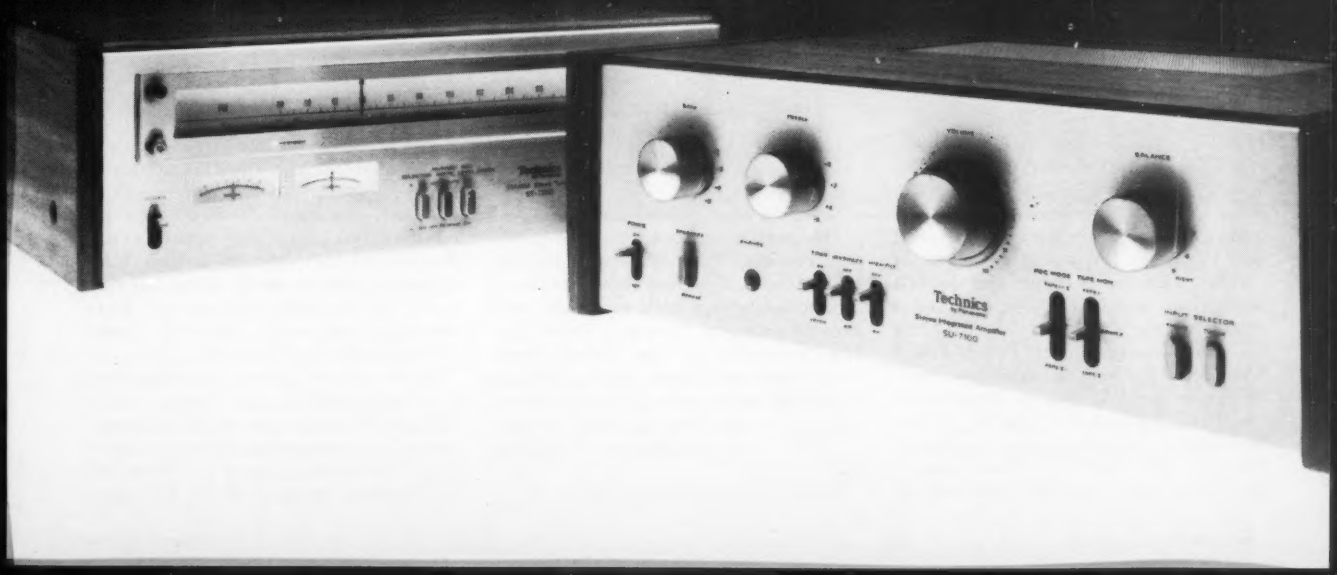

the Concorde. One of the first things he said was, "Well, WAKE her up. I mean, what can she be tired from? Waving to her subjects in Pygmy Village?" You do not have to be hit in the mouth by Muhammad Ali to know that he has a good right hand.

"Karril," I yelled to my wife, "come in here quick. You gotta see this guy."

"I'm asleep," she said. "I'll see him tomorrow."

"I think you oughta come in now. I'm not sure they're gonna let this guy come back tomorrow."

"I want everyone to come in and kiss me on the forehead, just like you'd do if I was dead. For heaven's sake, don't desecrate me. Worship me. Don't steal me. God, don't steal my body"

In the interim, I have seen Stanley do and say things on his show that have made me jump up and down. Once, for example, he told his stage-struck psychoanalyst, Elizabeth Thorne, that he fantasizes about other women when he makes love to his girl friend.

After President Carter made an energy speech and asked Americans to conserve water, Stanley told the women in his audience, "I am willing to take a shower with you ladies if you think it will do any good. This is the kind of guy I am. Now would Tom Brokaw do this?"

He brought Little Michael, a seven-year-old evangelist, over to the camera and had him pray to The Man Upstairs. The Man Upstairs, in this case, was Fred Silverman, then head of ABC, and Stanley was praying for a network shot.

While waiting for Barbara Walters to arrive for a scheduled interview, Stanley gave his vision of immortality. "Now, we all know that Uncle Stanley isn't gonna be here forever," he said. "I don't know when, but someday Uncle Stanley is gonna go to that Big Broadcast Booth in the sky. And I've been thinking about building a permanent tomb to myself right here on Sixty-sixth Street. Now what I wanna do is get some sort of idea what it will be like when I go. So I'm gonna lie right down here and pretend that I'm dead." With that, he lay down on his back on a table and looked straight up and said, "Now, I want everyone on my staff to come in and kiss me on the forehead, just like you'd do if I was dead. For heaven's sake now, don't desecrate me. Worship me. Don't steal me. God, don't steal my body." Then, looking into the camera with the knowing grin of a child who's been caught with his hands in the cookie jar, he said, "Have I gone too far this time?"

And he said the following about some of the people on *The Today Show*: "Brokaw's over there batting cleanup, and he never hit a home run. He doesn't even get on BASE that much. I mean, CHRIST, when you're batting fourth at Yankee Stadium, you gotta hit the LONNNNG BALLLL. He doesn't hit it. Stanley's hit some REALLLLY long balls, some five-hundred-foot shots. I could show you a hundred shows. What has Brokaw done? A few news interviews? Who remembers? I mean, TOM, God forbid you were to die tomorrow. With all due respect, I wouldn't have a single thing to SAY about you.... Ask Floyd Kalber. FLOYD? God, I've been watching you for twenty-five YEARS now, and I can't think of one FUCKING thing you've ever done. You haven't done shit, Floyd. What is going on?... And Jane Pauley, you're a schoolmarm—that forced voice of yours. I MEAN, how about it, Jane?"

I have been told that Tom Brokaw has gone so far as to call Stanley "a son of a bitch" off camera, to his friends.

I can't imagine why.

I have never seen anyone come alive on television as much as Stanley Siegel. It's almost as if his only reality is that camera, and that without it he would surely die.

"His goal in life is to be on television twenty-four hours a day, every day," said Wally Zimmerman. "He used to sit here in Green Bay and tell me, 'When I get to the network'—he never said 'if'—'and I'll be interviewing somebody great, some superstar, that's when I want them to take me. That's when I want to die.'"

Stanley is smiling as the words are repeated to him.

"No," he says. "I never said that."

"He must have been fooling around," says Patricia Cabellon, the woman Stanley lives with, a woman of extraordinary perception, with a smile you could wrap around a canyon. "Stanley's always fooling around. I'll be doing some housework here, and Stanley will get one of his visions, one of his revelations, and go around screaming about Jesus."

"I don't remember saying it," Stanley says.

But it has piqued his curiosity.

"Do you know what Maurice Chevalier once said?" Stanley asks.

This is another side of Stanley. In this side, Stanley employs quotes; he is a compulsive thought dropper.

He likes quotes so much that he sometimes quotes the same quote three different ways. Stanley's ability to quote accurately should not be held in the same reverence one has for, say, the Ten Commandments. Stanley might, for example, change "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife" to "Don't get caught in the hayloft with Mrs. Jones," or he might take some famous quote by Sir Laurence Olivier and attribute it to Richard Burton, on the grounds that some English actor said it. Anyway, notes and tapes will show that in four days Stanley quoted — or claimed to have quoted — himself (four times), Martin Luther King, Jr., Bobby Seale, Tom Snyder, Truman Capote, Melina Mercouri (from a movie), Alistair Cooke (quoting an English king whose name Stanley has forgotten), Cyrano de Bergerac, Ezra Pound, William Shirer, Montaigne, Chevalier, Tom Leahy (a CBS executive), Robert Frost, Jack Anderson, Seymour Hersh, "a man in Nashville," "the guy in *A Chorus Line*," "a producer," "someone famous" and "someone" (six times). Whenever he doesn't think a name is impressive enough, or when he's making the quote up, Stanley attributes it to "someone." Stanley carries quotes around like subway tokens. Ask a question and he reaches into his pocket for a quote. He's like a walking *Bartlett's* with additional material provided by Hallmark Cards. In response to a question about egotism, Stanley might say, "As someone famous once told me, 'What is ego? Is it not just the feather duster on the sinking ship of fools?'" But back to Chevalier, who may or may not have said this:

"Chevalier once said he wanted to die on camera," Stanley was saying. "He said, 'Put my pink cheek next to the camera, take my bow and fade out.'"

So?

"So, it's something to think about."

What Stanley Siegel wants more than anything else is a network television talk show. He wants to have his as badly as Carson, Griffin and Dinah *et al* want to hold on to theirs. The difference, of course, is that the *et al*—Snyder excepted—are not particularly controversial. Not unless you consider asking John Davidson what he ate for breakfast controversial. Stanley's flaws are out there for the public to see—like the moles on Robert Redford's cheek.

Some network people may even have a problem with his ego. You know that old joke about the actor who talks about himself for two straight hours and then says, "But enough about me. What did you think of my latest film?" Yes, Stan-

Photograph: Wide World

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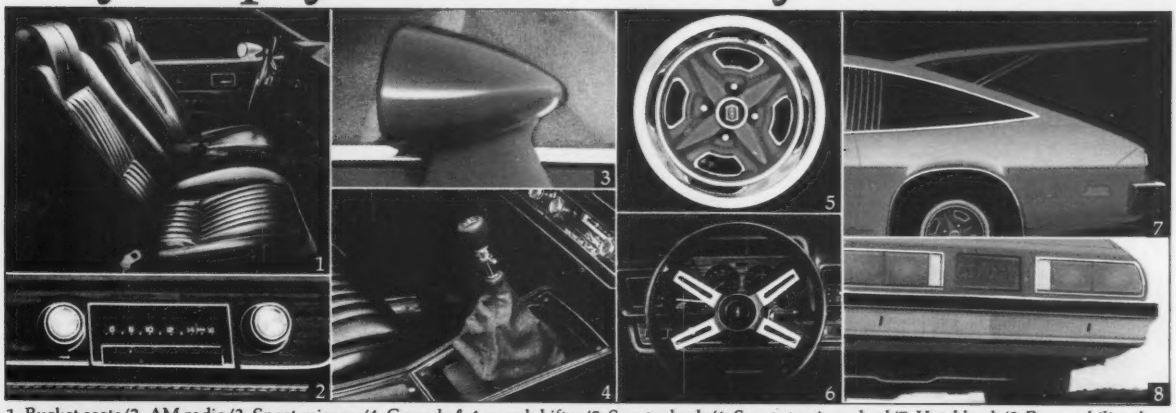

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ley has an ego. His is so big you could call it an "Igo."

"He transcends narcissism," says someone from the WABC show. "Let's face it, what would you call it if a man you worked with spent four hours each day watching his tapes, standing just four inches from the screen? A bomb could go off next door, and Stanley wouldn't even hear it when he's watching himself. And believe me, he's watching himself. He doesn't even look at the guests."

Not everyone thinks he's a great host.

"The only reason anyone watched his show was to see what kind of an asshole he was," says an executive secretary at WABC.

Not everyone thinks he's a great interviewer.

"Are you serious? He's a lousy interviewer. He doesn't even listen to his guests. Do you know how many people refused to come on with him?" says one of Stanley's former associate producers.

Not everyone thinks Stanley prepares well.

"I can't tell you how many times he didn't even know the name of his guest," says another former associate producer. "We would spend twelve hours writing a script for him, and he wouldn't even look at it. He never rehearsed. He never even brought his own comb to work. Every morning it was the same thing. 'Where's my comb? Where's my *Times*? Where's my coffee?' He was great with the lame, the halt and the blind, but God help him if his guests were prepared. Stanley thinks he's really special, but if he ever did one ounce of homework, he'd be a hundred times better."

You will note that most of the critical comments are offered anonymously. This is because these people still have to work in television, and they are afraid of Stanley's wrath. For all of his drawbacks, one would have to be a fool to assume that Stanley will not, someday, be a major star.

Even with his psychological problems.

Which might have kept Freud working overtime for a decade.

He has been called "a psychological flasher" by Robert L. Green, a favorite guest. Elizabeth Thorne diagnosed him as a "phallic exhibitionist." And Harmon Spolan, a long-time friend, said he "really is desperate for love and acceptance. I think he's alive to prove to himself he's worth being alive. I've really believed he could be suicidal. The way you have to treat him is to always talcum-powder him, like he's the Baby King."

And not everyone is willing to do that.

After the Capote interview, Kay Gardella, the TV critic for the *New York Daily News*, called him "a murderer." After Stanley told Paul O'Dwyer, then a senatorial candidate in New York, that he was unfit for our vote because he was

basically a loser, O'Dwyer called Stanley "a thug" and "a greater danger to America than any foreign ideology."

But for what it's worth, hardly anyone dislikes him personally. "We all like Stanley," says Dennis Marks, his former producer. "Is he a good talk-show host? Is he always prepared? Is he getting better? Those kinds of questions are all up for grabs. But we all like Stanley."

What is so exciting about Stanley — and what may be equally exciting about skydiving—is an absolute lack of fear of the consequences. Dinah wouldn't ask Angie Dickinson if she'd had an affair with President Kennedy. Stanley did. Angie said, "That's something I would only discuss with my confessor." The point isn't the answer; it's the question. Unlike the others, who play it so tight it doesn't even move, there's nothing Stanley is afraid to say or do on television. Hey Mister, that's me up on the jukebox/I'm the one that's singing this sad song/I'll cry every time you slip in one more dime. When was the last time you saw Cavett come down from the mountain? You watch Stanley and you know, you just know, his fingernails get dirty.

"A true genius," says Marvin Kitman, *Newsday*'s TV critic. "A major iconoclastic figure. He's trying to break down the fourth wall between him and the audience. Everyone else is busy building them."

Every day Stanley is out there, he's putting a razor into his veins to shake up the public. One should not take Howard Beale's name in vain. After a while, you wonder what will happen first — will Stanley run out of blood? Or will the public run out of bandages?

All things considered, there is no other word for it.

The man is crazy.

"You think he's crazy?" Mrs. Mildred Siegel asks into the telephone. "How can you say that about my son? Not because he's my son, but Stanley's a very bright boy. Have you met him? So, tell me, what do you think of him? He's interviewed Madame Nhu. Yes, and Bing Crosby, too. We're so proud of him. Listen, he made it the hard way. Not that there wasn't anything we wouldn't have done for him, but Stanley likes to do things on his own. Do I what? Do I think he has anything to prove to us? Of course not. He adores his parents. But you know, he doesn't come home that often. . . . I just want my son happy."

The mother.

"Naturally, I'm prejudiced, I'm his father," Louis Siegel says into the telephone. "But he's always been ahead of his time. I remember when he was entering college I heard him making a speech into the bathroom mirror. He came in and told me, 'Dad, I'm going to make my living talking to people about what I think.' Well, I made a serious analysis of the broadcasting profession and found that the odds were fifty thousand to one against him. Everyone in our family was a business person, and I wanted him to go into business, too. I could have been a great asset to him in business, but he chose to do it on his own. He amazes me with his determination. Sometimes I say to Mrs. Siegel, 'He's so different from us. We must have won him in a crap game.' But his success is tremendously gratifying to us. It's a double blessing when they make it on their own."

"How does it feel, Mr. Shriver, knowing you are about to be part of the worst defeat of the Democratic party in this century?"

The father.

Do they sound so different from anyone's parents? Do you suppose that Donahue's parents didn't have doubts, didn't take pride, didn't worry?

"...Growing up was a desperate time.... Having this feeling no one was listening to me... no support from my parents.... I had asthma. I thought it was a judgment on me, thought they thought I was a judgment on them."

The son.

"Are you surprised he said that?" Patricia asked.

Stanley dumps a heavy load on his parents. Mostly on his father, sparing his mother and his sister, Sandra. "My father was the one Jewish banker in Los Angeles; he didn't understand me," Stanley says. "He used to tell me, 'With your personality and looks, you'd be terrific selling women's clothing.' No support."

Perhaps you'd like to know how Stanley defines "support."

"People coming up to me and telling me, 'We like you, Stan. We're with you. You're doing it right.'"

So much for constructive criticism. As a former co-worker says, "Anything that isn't positive is negative. Take criticism poorly? He doesn't take it at all."

Given the opportunity, Stanley will dump that on his parents as well. But to this day, Stanley will not make a business move without first consulting Louis Siegel. And though he rarely goes home, he calls often. Like a good son. It's just that he calls at strange times, from strange places. On WABC, he would regularly call Mildred and Louis—at 6 A.M. Beverly Hills time—and tell them, and us, about his latest conquest or disappointment. Now get this straight: Stanley used his television show to call home, thus making all of us a part of his immediate family, making all of us share his problems. Not even Tom Snyder would do that. When you step back from that kind of self-indulgence and look at it, it's almost frightening. Then again, it's kind of appealing. We are part of his show; we're all his psychoanalysts. Group therapy. Does Louis Siegel appreciate this psychodrama? Probably not. But then Louis Siegel has no idea that all of the love and approval he gave Stanley over the years have gone largely unnoticed. Why else would Stanley seek out his father every time he comes to New York on business and put him on the air? Why else would he say, "Everything I do, I do for Louis Siegel's approval"?

Something is happening, and Stanley senses it. He is a man who has made a career out of alleged honesty; but much of that honesty is only glibness. He was always a good speaker; his parent's home is loaded with trophies he won as a public speaker. He graduated from the University of Arizona with a B.A. in speech. Stanley could always talk, and at a very young age he learned that if he talked about himself in a revealing way—whether or not he was ever revealing anything that would come back to haunt him—he would be accepted and praised for his honesty. We are all running a scam. Stanley's is honesty. Press him, and he will admit that he is not always honest. He will go so far as to admit that, "forced to show all, one becomes all show." He attributes that bomber to Cyrano de Bergerac. Usually, he hides the holes in the Swiss cheese. Now he is digging further than he wants to.

"Did they tell you that I was good at politics?" he asked. "It was a show. My father used to ask me, 'Stanley, do you think we can hold the Pusan perimeter?' Do you believe that? I was encouraged to show off for his friends. He only asked me that when we had company. It got so that when someone like Sidney Schwartz hit the first flagstone at the house, I was out on the steps doing my political oratory."

A prop. He was a prop. So that's where he learned how to do it. That's where he learned that he could use other people to further every one of his aims.

But Stanley, don't you think your parents love you?

Suddenly, Stanley pulls back. He has been caught with his guard down. The defense is sarcasm.

"Sure, they love me. They're crazy about me. Wouldn't you love me if I was

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your child? I'm goddamn terrific. I'm a high-school graduate."

Stanley is smiling once again.

Patricia is shaking her head softly.

And it is time to move on.

The real story of Stanley Siegel is his uncanny ability to fall up. Fifteen jobs since 1960 and almost every one better than the one before, from which mostly he was fired. As in, "So long, sucker."

"It's never his fault," said Harmon Spolan. "It's a budget, or a producer, or a president who hates him. Okay, it's got to be his fault somewhere along the line, but really, this is a great talent. It really is possible that he's just ahead of his time."

He's 42 years old. He's running out of time to be ahead of.

"This," Stanley says, "is a seminal year in my career."

1960 — KTVW, Tacoma, Washington: As "Stan Lawrence," he was a dance-band host on a one-hour show. "I'd make fun of the records," he remembered. Let go. "The station wasn't making it."

1961—KKHI Radio, San Francisco: news reporter. "My big problem was reading copy." Let go. "The station had problems."

1962—Vietnam: Got security clearance as a free-lance radio reporter. Claims to have flown combat missions with the South Vietnamese air force. "You have to test yourself. You go to Vietnam and don't put your life in jeopardy, you haven't got a hair on your ass.... My father financed the trip. I guess I went looking for approval. Maybe there was too much sanity in Beverly Hills. But as soon as I got there, I realized it was a mistake. All I was doing was running away from personal problems." He came back after seven months. "Thank God," Mildred Siegel said. "Only a mother could know how much I worried."

1963—KHJ, Los Angeles: news reporter. Let go. "The show didn't make it."

1964—KNBC, Los Angeles: Six months as election research coordinator. Job terminated after 1964 election.

1965 through 1969—newspaper reporter, *Alhambra Post-Advocate, Huntington Beach Independent,* Santa Ana *Register, Los Angeles Times* (suburban San Gabriel section): "I loved it. For the first time in my life, I felt great joy. I couldn't wait to see my stories in the paper and read my by-line, 'By Stanley Siegel.' I remember one editor telling me, 'Don't spend so much time writing. You're the only one who's going to read them.' I was a feature reporter. I was very bad at hard news. I'd go to those schmucky school-board meetings and scream, 'What the HELL are you people talking about?' But I was a good feature

reporter. The thing was, most of my stories ended up in the waste-paper basket. I'd enterprise stories about psychotherapy or blacks moving into Orange County. I think my bosses hated me. It was a very conservative area. I'm sure that every paper before the *Los Angeles Times* would have eventually fired me, but I left before it happened.... The *Times* was my last stop. I didn't pass the trial."

1969 — WJX-TV, Jacksonville, Florida: Sent broadcast tapes and got job as news reporter. "I knew I was in trouble when most of my tapes ended up in somebody's drawer instead of on the projector. I did one on the braless revolution. I asked a woman, 'Would you take off your bra?' She asked me, 'Would you take off your pants?' The camera pulled back and I was standing there in my shorts. One day the station manager called me into his office and said, 'This has to stop.' I said, 'What has to stop?' He said, 'Your job.'"

1970— Working in a market in South Natick, Massachusetts. For ten months, lived in a welfare hotel and worked as stock boy and manager of grocery. Tried out for every TV job available on East Coast, from New York to Boston, to Providence, to Pittsburgh. Once had interview with Al Primo, head of *Eyewitness News* on WABC-TV, and claims Primo told him, "I have a feeling about you. If you haven't made it by now, you never will."

1971—UHF station, Philadelphia: There were four anchormen on nightly show called *Newsprobe*. Stanley handled the freaks for interviews. Interviewed hookers, transsexuals, etc. An early fan of Frank Rizzo—thought he was a folk hero. There he met Harmon Spolan and used him in his psychological interview, a contrast of personalities between men who took showers and men who took baths. Stanley's brainstorm. Job lasted four months. "Our show didn't make it."

1972—WLUK-TV, Green Bay: coanchor of a news-interview show. After the news, Stanley did live interviews. On one show, he interviewed Miss Nude America and a transvestite, and tasted dog food. "It tasted like a stain spreading across the heart." On another show, on the premise that "refuse is revealing," he took a camera crew to the garbage cans of prominent Green Bay citizens. At the home of a rival anchorman, he showed a can full of empty liquor bottles. That led to a threatened lawsuit, which was never filed. In his most notorious show, he donned a scuba suit, dove into a bathtub filled with Jello, so that he "could better understand the dark, lamentable plight of the fruits and vegetables of this country that wind up in some anonymous cafeteria," and interviewed himself. But Wally Zimmerman says the best moment came in an interview with Sargent Shriver during the 1972 campaign. Their preliminary interview was dull, and Stanley came to Wally and said, "I've gotta do something." The camera started rolling, and Stanley's first question—his first question to the Democratic candidate for vice president of the United States—was, "How does it feel knowing you are about to be part of the worst defeat of the Democratic party in this century?" Zimmerman stood back, watched Shriver blanch and said to himself, "Now that's a question." Stanley was fired from this job. "They didn't like what I was doing."

"The camera pulled back and I was standing there in my shorts. . . . One day the station manager called me into his office and said, 'This has got to stop.' I said, 'What has got to stop?' He said, 'Your job'"

He recalls—and this is his movie, so he may be adding some touches—sitting in his living room in Green Bay with his girlfriend and having a vision. "It came to me.Get out of the news business — do a talk show. That way you won't be penalized for the Jello bit. And do it in the South, because southerners have been behind the eight-ball, just like you. I became a born-again broadcaster." The next day he loaded his Pinto with his usual assortment of luggage — one bag and about 30 audition tapes—and hit the road.

Finally, he came to Lexington, Kentucky, and saw a sign for Nashville. Telling this story with a straight face, he said Nashville "sounded new and exciting — like Tulsa."At WLAC-TV, he auditioned for Harold Crump, who asked, "Where can I reach you?" Stanley said, "Call my parents, I'm going to Yazoo City, Mississippi." A hopeless romantic, Stanley had read Willie Morris's story, "Yazoo... Notes on Survival," in *Harper's* and wanted to meet Norman "Bubba" Mott, then editor of the weekly *Yazoo City Herald*. To make an interminably long story short, Crump offered him a job for $14,500.

"But Mr. Crump, I was making fifteen grand in Green Bay."

"Yes, but you have a dream, and I'm going to give you a chance to pursue it."

1972 through 1975 — WLAC,Nashville: "I was great." His talk show got good ratings, as good as *The Today Show* in some demographics. One day, Donahue brought his crew to town to interview Burt Reynolds during the filming of *W.W. and the Dixie Dancekings*, and Donahue used Stanley's studio for the taping. "The great Phil Donahue," Stanley recalled. "I watched him. SHIT, I'm BETTER than he is. If this is the BEST there is, I'm getting OUT of here."

1975 through 1978—WABC-TV, New York: Stanley sent an audition tape and got hired. He went into the 9 to 10 A.M. slot, the Death Valley of New York television. "No one ever got enough HUT [homes using television] to even get a rating," says Dick O'Leary, head of all ABC-owned and -operated stations. "By goodness, he went in there and got a rating. That led to WCBS countering with Jim Nabors and WNBC bringing in Phil Donahue. Stanley got the job done, no doubt about that."

Stanley is in his bedroom, feeling cheated. He has written the words "great potential" on a brown paper bag, and then crossed them out and written "problem." WABC, he is sure, blew it with him. You guessed it. No support.

"I see me as great potential, and they saw me as a problem," he says. He calls Patricia over and insists she sit on his lap, which she does reluctantly but with the complete understanding that Stanley needs this sort of treatment, the talcum-powdering of his Igo. He calls her "baby." He is one-dimensional with women. If he could, he would keep Patricia on a leash. She understands and endures.

"They say Donahue beat me," he says. "He beat me fifty-plus; he gets the old ladies. I killed him eighteen to forty-nine. WABC didn't give me anything to work with, no set, no minicam. Considering what I had to work with and what Phil has to work with, I killed him."

This may or may not be true. What is true is that WABC started him out at about $45,000 and brought him up to almost $100,000 in less than three years. There was another three-year contract available to him, and the money must have been fairly good, since Stanley is now getting about $115,000 at WCBS, but Stanley balked because WABC couldn't promise him network, despite all his press, all his ratings and all those times he went on the air and begged Fred Silverman and Leonard Goldenson to rescue him from local.

There are theories about why Stanley stayed local, including the most obvious one, that no one at network thought he was a network talent just yet. Another is that ABC is fat now and sees no need to

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program anyone late-night—Stanley, the Pope or Hammering Hank Kissinger. Still another is that Stanley angered the big wigs at WABC with his lack of loyalty—his bizarre on-the-air appeals to Silverman and Goldenson. One spokesman for WABC says, "They flat out hated his guts. Don't believe this crap about negotiations breaking down. They fired him. He became such a nuisance they were happy when Donahue beat him."

Stanley prefers to see a conspiracy, but the ultimate decision was made by MacQueen, who was told by his superiors, "Your bat, your ball, your ass, your call." MacQueen says that he likes Stanley; he says Stanley "displayed certain degrees of talent." But MacQueen could not deliver him unto the network, and that was the ball game.

So now there is WCBS. One half-hour daily. Stanley wanted more. "You bet he did," said a former associate producer. "With his lack of discipline, he'll be twenty minutes into the show before he gets his guest on." But in this package is the commitment to near-prime-time access specials, 7:30 to 8 P.M., and the hope of syndication and maybe—if he shows well—network. Like ABC, CBS fills late-night with reruns, conceding Carson and Snyder the ratings. This time Stanley may be in the right place at the right time for his ultimate fall up.

"Tom Leahy said to me, 'Stan, you've got the X-factor. You've got what it takes.' That's important. That means WCBS is going to be supportive of me."

Oh God, how he needs it.

Go with him in crowds. See how desperately he craves the public eye. All his life, he's thought of himself as a terrible loser—only public approval makes him feel like a winner. He needs it like the rest of us need oxygen. One afternoon at the recent U.S. Open Tennis Tournament, he positioned himself so that he all but forced people to bump into him as he stood near the main gate. The next night, in Manhattan, he paraded through a restaurant like a Philadelphia mummer. And another time, waiting in the rain for a cab, he sensed a group of men and women eying him. He heard them whispering, and, when he could take it no longer, the adoration impulse took over; he turned to them, gave them first a profile, then a full frontal shot, and all but shouted, "Hey, how you doing?" Had they still not recognized him, he might have taken out his wallet and shown them his I.D. card.

"I like it when they recognize me," he says. "I guess I need it. I remember going to restaurants and standing near the doorway just casing the place; I wouldn't go in if nobody recognized me.... Yeah, I like it. Well, really, I LOVE it."

This is a big problem for Patricia.

This is a BIG problem for Patricia.

"If your girl friend was famous and adored, would you like it?" she asks from the kitchen. She has finished cooking and cleaning for Stanley, even finished picking up after him. Stanley loses his glasses 12 times a day, bumps into walls ten times a day and after every meal manages to wear some of it on his shirt. ("He doesn't need a lover," Patricia says. "He needs a nurse.") Strangers fawning over Stanley have a deleterious effect on Patricia. "I HATE the adoration he gets," she says. She, too, will occasionally speak in capital letters. "HATE it. It's so false. I've told him I'm going to leave him if this keeps up. But Stanley loves it. He stops and talks to everyone, and if they don't stop him, he stops them. It's like he's related to all of them."

Patricia is a Eurasian of striking beauty, a fact that would, without doubt, cause Mildred Siegel to plotz right in her living room. They met 18 months ago in a deli—"He was rudely staring at me and he came over and said, 'I'm Stanley Siegel, from TV.' I told him I was a private person, and he said so was he. Can you believe he would say that?"—and they have been living together ever since. Three times they've taken blood tests, with the intention of marrying; the marriage might even last as long as ten minutes.

Not that they don't love each other. Stanley says he loves her more than life itself, and Patricia says that it's like living with an artist, that Stanley's problems—unending as they are—are all so interesting. But they play this brutal game. Stanley says something, and Patricia counters with, "What's the problem now, Stanley?" Or Patricia says something, and Stanley insists, "Come on now, baby, free associate for me. What are you really saying?"

The game is called therapy.

It is played by professionally crazy people.

But maybe Stanley just likes playing crazy. All his friends are solid citizens, and his concern with tangible things—like getting a good set, getting the right format and staff—all that indicates Stanley isn't crazy at all; maybe Mildred has something. Stanley wants everything around him ordered. That way when he is scatter-brained — a male Lucy Ricardo — he's not only funny and creative, but clearly different. That pleases the hell out of him.

"You might have something there," he says, sheepishly.

So Stanley goes blithely on his way, the lone blue suit in a field of gray—but suited nonetheless—relating to the crazies as if he had a patent on mental illness. Talk to me. Tell me everything. Don't worry, I'll understand. I'm crazy, too. Haven't you read the clips?

"He insists that all people have neuroses," says Dennis Marks. "He cannot

understand people who have made adjustments."

An example: One hour into our first meeting, Stanley insisted I was suffering from deep anxiety. Ten minutes later, he was putting his arm around me to make me feel better. Thirty minutes after that, he was kissing my cheek to make sure I felt at ease with him. An hour after that, he was asking me if I loved Patricia and him, and he said they'd adopt me if it would relieve my tensions. As soon as I told him I was nervous, we hit it off great.

Stanley is fidgeting. This is a big week for him. The furniture is coming. Not since 1954, when he was still in high school and living at home, has he had his own furniture. Even in New York when he began making money, his insecurity was such that he lived out of cardboard boxes. Now he has signed a lease, agreeing to pay $800 a month for a one-bedroom apartment, and the furniture is coming.

We are talking about the public Stanley and the private Stanley, and he's saying there ain't no difference between them. But on second thought, he's remembering something Melina Mercouri said in a movie. "She was an actress, and she said every time she got in front of the camera she was sure that was the real her. Well, that's ME on TV. That's when I know who I am.... 'This is Stanley Siegel talking to you and I'm feeling GOOD this morning, I'm feeling RREEEEALLLL good.'"

Even when you're feeling bad?

"Even when I'm feeling RREEEEALL bad."

He is going to dig deeper again, but by this time it's clear that this is his movie, his casting, his script and his editing. If it sounds good, he knows most people will buy it.

"I wish I could be more like him," Stanley says, splitting himself into first and third person. "In private, I think I'm a failure. I could never ask some of the things *he* asks on camera. I'd watch the tapes sometimes and say, 'WHO IS that guy up there on the tube? He looks so handsome and self-assured. Where is that guy when I really need him? Boy, that guy's GOOOOD. I mean, that guy, that Stanley Siegel, is RREEEEALLLLY GOOOOD."

But let us not get carried away with the possibility of schizophrenia. Stanley has so many identifiable neuroses, he is in need of no more.

He is in need only of network.

He has built a career of bleeding on camera, walking high wires for the sheer thrill of it, using the medium in the most self-indulgent way possible, and he has no intention of running out of the good stuff before he reaches network.

"I'm ready," he says. "God, I'm ready. I've paid my dues chasing this dream, and I've learned my craft. I may LOOK like I'm not in control out there, but I am. I know the limits just like Richard Petty knows the limits on Old Number Forty-three. That car can go a hundred and seventy-miles an hour down the straightaway without blowing up, but it can't go one-seventy-five. I KNOW the way I've done it is right. I've put twenty years in there, and I'm betting my career that I'm right."

Not everyone is so sure. Kenneth MacQueen asks if Stanley has "longevity,or is he just a unique flash in the pan?" Sandy Bresler, a life-long friend—Stanley's best friend—is sure of the talent, but also sure that Stanley "can't be left to his own devices completely; he needs some direction." Harmon Spolan, who loves Stanley like a brother, worries that he's "self-destructive.... I'm afraid that he'll finally get the shot, but he'll be so far off the mark that he'll shut himself out forever."

Then again, what do they know?

"Talk to Wally Zimmerman," Stanley says.

"I work in Green Bay," Zimmerman says, "and I don't know all that much about the networks; but I do know Stanley is totally consumed by that shot at the top, and he'll do anything for it. He's had a phenomenal rise the last few years, and he's aware that kind of rise breeds danger. He's playing for high stakes on a fast track, and he knows the risks. I think he's an extraordinary talent, but I have my fears. You see, he seems almost like a meteor. He's this flaming ball, and all of a sudden he'll be gone—he'll just disintegrate. Do me a favor, give him by best. Tell him I'm rooting for him."

Stanley listens as the words are repeated.

He exhales deeply, and, for a heartbeat, is speechless. The frenzy is drained; you feel it leave. The contrast is staggering, because on camera he is Sammy Glick to the 400th power. He bounces around wildly like raw nerve endings, like gnats in the summer air. My God, even when he eats in his own apartment, he does it so quickly it's as if he's afraid someone might be gaining on him.

"I'm gonna make it," he says, building slowly.

"Do you know why I'm gonna make it? Because I'm the best one out there. Those other guys are full of shit, and they know it. Look, that camera is high performance technology, a Maserati. It's constructed to go a hundred and ninety miles per hour, not to go sixty from here to the supermarket. That's like hooking Affirmed up to a dray. That HORSE is meant to run at SARATOGA.... I was in Nashville when someone came up to me, a manservant type, and he told me, 'I like your show.'

"I asked him, 'WHY do you like it?'

'Because you bring people down front, so's I can see 'em.'

"That's what I do, I bring 'em DOWN FRONT."

"Chevalier once said he wanted to die on camera. He said, 'Put my pink cheek next to the camera, take my bow and fade out.'" So? "So, it's something to think about"

Network.

This is the dream:

He gets the shot and walks out alone onto a darkened stage. A solitary spotlight hits him, and his first action is to brush the hair from his face, like he learned by watching J.F.K.

"You know, America," he'll say, "this is Stanley Siegel. Let me refresh your memory. In 1969, I was in Jacksonville. In 1972, I was in Green Bay. Don't you remember? In 1974, I was in Nashville. I've been to every one of your towns, every one. I can name 'em. This is who I am. My dream was to be on this show. I'll try not to let you down."

But that only lasts one minute.

The other 59 might go something like this. Stanley has assembled a panel of Ultimate Guests—the Pope, J.D. Salinger, Jackie O. He plans to talk to them about one and only one thing: LIFE. He's got no idea where it's going, but that doesn't matter, because he knows he's more interesting than all of them.

Only one thing goes wrong—none of them shows up.

So Stanley fills the next hour by speaking to three manikins that have hurriedly been placed in the seats reserved for the Ultimate Guests. Stanley sits there, surrounded by dummies, interviewing himself. Up in the control booth, the head of programming is on the phone with the head of network, who is screaming, "Get that guy off the air. Pull the plug." But Stanley is oblivious to that.He sees a red light over camera Number 1, and he knows that all over the country, from Seattle to New Haven, people are watching. He is telling everybody out there in television land what he's all about. He is charming. He is vicious. He is hysterically funny. He has never been better. And he's absolutely certain he can't miss. ●

Television/by Richard M. Levine

THE JELLING OF JIGGLE TV

What's interesting about the new TV season is not that it's the worst in many years, although that's probably true, but that it's bad in an unexpected way. If you remember, last year the word was that sex, or at least titillation, was in; television's (D) cup would runneth over and transform the tube into a veritable pornucopia of earthly delights. TV producers were all filming their version of the old Lenny Bruce line: "Tits and ass, tits and ass, that's what makes the world go round." NBC programming chief Paul Klein, in a reference to his-then rival (and soon-to-be boss) Fred Silverman's taste in entertainment, coined the phrase "jiggle shows." Prime time would become a nightly three-hour wet T-shirt contest and every home an X-rated motel room.

It didn't take long before the print medium picked up the beat in a rather heavy-footed way, proving once again that sex outsells the SALT talks every time. The inevitable *Newsweek* cover on the subject featured *Three's Company*'s Suzanne Somers popping out of a revealing nightie — and, inevitably, became one of the best-selling issues of the year. "The Year TV Turned to Sex," *TV Guide* screamed in inch-high type, relegating the qualifying phrase "of a sort" to a tiny parenthesis on the bottom of the page. And in his *Esquire* cover profile of Fred Silverman, Richard Reeves practically made a citizen's arrest of his subject on morals charges.

Well, there is an unusual amount of undraped female anatomy on regular series—all those bosom buddies running and skipping and jumping up and down in full frontal view of the camera. After a decade of feminism, television's attitude toward women seems permanently fixed at the wink-and-leer stage of pubescence. The opening episode of *The American Girls*, a show about two female TV reporters whose biggest scoops are their necklines, had one of the women pleading for an assignment over a male colleague by hiking up her skirt and saying to her boss: "I have certain assets Newman doesn't have." An hour later, the opening sequence of *Dallas* featured a pneumatic actress floating on her back in a swimming pool. "Five letters, water markers?" asked the lead character's wife, working a crossword puzzle. "Buoys," her husband said, staring at the floating form. "B-U-O-Y-S." Even the MTM Company, the very model of tasteful television, is not immune to this sort of mammary madness. The receptionist on its new sitcom *WKRP in Cincinnati* goes around with her breasts trussed up like Nike missiles. "This is Jennifer, reminding you not to touch that dial," she purrs before a commercial break, "or anything else . . .". "Turn us on, we'll turn you on" is the order of the day.

Re-touch of Class: Carliner and air-brushed, air-borne *Flying High* cast

Photograph by Harry Langdon

And yet I think it's safe to say that, by and large, the predicted rash of sexually oriented television failed to materialize. Of the several dozen T & A pilots that the three networks had in the works last spring—shows that cleverly disguised their prurient intentions with titles like *The Beach Girls, California Girls, Pom Pom Girls, Roller Girls, The Cheerleaders, California Co-eds, Centerfold, The El Paso Pussycats* and *Legs* — only two made the networks' final schedules in anything close to their original form. They are the aforementioned *The American Girls* and a show called *Flying High*, in which three able-bodied stewardesses (no one could possibly think of them as flight attendants) seem to promise that if you fly with them, they'll sleep with you. *Vega$*, a new detective series starring Robert Urich, is more beefcake than cheesecake, with female flesh used for what network executives call background "eye candy." How T & A got started, and why it was—you should pardon the expression—nipped in the bud, is a case study in television's treatment of sexual material.

In the beginning was *Charlie's Angels*. Well, in the beginning was that tried-and-true formula for television success, most eloquently expressed by a former network programming chief as "three broads, one blonde." When the detective show had just about run through its current cycle on television, *Charlie's Angels* combined that genre with the hoariest theme in popular art, the "woman-in-jeopardy" theme, formerly known as the "damsel-in-distress" theme. But basically the show, like the commercials it promotes, sells a hedonistic California lifestyle—beautiful people and scenery, fast cars, the promise, largely unfulfilled, of easy sex. After CBS board chairman William Paley saw an early episode of *Charlie's Angels*, he reportedly asked his programming people: "Where are *our* beautiful girls?" It only sounded like a question.

The next stage in the evolution of T & A was *Three's Company*, which first aired as a mid-season replacement in the spring of 1977. The series, about a man living with two women who pretends he's a homosexual to satisfy the land-

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lord, was and remains the purest example extant of Tee-Hee TV, one 24-minute-long dirty joke played weekly. On an early episode, Suzanne Somers stared at John Ritter's crotch while opening a package he had handed her and said: "Let's see what you've got." When I next watched the show a few weeks ago, Somers, looking in the same general direction, greeted the chronically impotent landlord character with: "What's up?" Needless to say, the series, a slumber party that hints at orgies to come, has been enormously successful.

Both *Charlie's Angels* and *Three's Company* are as frothy as a bubble bath, and so dumb that any attempt to upgrade them would clearly spell disaster. In the middle of *Charlie's Angels'* first season, an impending Writers Guild strike threatened to shut down production for the following year. To avoid this situation, scripts were ordered two months early, and an ABC program executive, in his weekly report to Fred Silverman, wrote that the additional time would mean the scripts would be considerably improved—the dialogue tighter, the character portrayal sharper, the situations more believable. The report came back to him through the interoffice pouch with a single notation scribbled in the margin: "No!"

Television is a me-too medium. Ten minutes after the overnight Nielsens have proved a new series successful, producers are lighting up the networks' switchboards like Christmas trees, pitching *Charlie's Angels* in drag or *Three's Company* upside down or a land locked *Love Boat*. But there were several other factors that contributed to the jiggle trend last spring. The fact that pressure groups and advertisers had prevailed on the networks to tone down TV violence meant that there would almost surely be a hydraulic-like increase in sexual material. If mayhem couldn't keep all those hairy-chested, beer-guzzling heads of Homes Using Television from going bowling three nights a week, maybe sex could. Or at least rape, which seemed something of a compromise and could also be excused — if you did it in a grainy, semi-documentary, now-it-can-be-told way — as having socially redeeming value. There were also more technical concerns. "All of television boils down to excisable elements that you can put in twenty-second promos," says Brandon Tartikoff, NBC's new 29-year-old vice president of West Coast programming. "If you can't have Starsky pull a gun and fire it fifty times a day on promos, sex becomes your next best handle."

Auditions at the TV studios began to resemble the casting of old Hollywood musicals, with beautiful women lined up around the block. For one ill-fated series called *Roller Girls*, Jimmy Komack, the producer of *Welcome Back Kotter*, auditioned over 300 models and actresses in groups that corresponded to characters written into the show—black women, blonde women, tall women, even Eskimo women. But most producers wouldn't admit that they were doing T & A shows on a dare, even though they were spending three-quarters of their time figuring out how to get the last millimeter of cleavage out of the hot-tub scene and still comply with the censors' steady refrain to make it "conform to acceptable standards of good taste." At the merest mention of T & A, the producers would remind you that they were in the business of popular art, just as Shakespeare was in his day. Komack was clearly the exception. "At the time," he said, "everyone at the networks was saying, 'Three girls, that's six tits, let's go.'"

Vega$ is more beefcake than cheesecake, with female flesh used for what network executives call "eye candy"

There were also certain themes that kept cropping up in these shows, especially cheerleading and teenage prostitution. Brandon Tartikoff flew down to Texas to sign up the Dallas Cowgirls for a series of their own. The pilot of *The American Girls* showed the intrepid female reporters traveling to Phoenix to crack an international white-slavery ring of teenagers. The opening episode of *Vega$* cleverly combined T & A's two favorite themes: A teenage prostitute entertained her customers by doing a cheerleading routine.

Naturally, such series do not get sold on their intricate plotting alone. Mark Carliner, the executive producer of *Flying High*, got a cold turn-down from NBC and a tepid reaction from CBS on his pilot script, which was, as he puts it, "a high *TV Guide* log-line movie about three stewardesses who get hit on by the same guy and decide to take revenge." (In one scene, which Carliner now calls "frankly, unabashedly exploitative and maybe even unwise," the graduating class of stewardess school strips down to tight T-shirts and shorts, the better to do their jumping jacks, while the lecherous hit man peers at them through binoculars from a hilltop vantage point.) Carliner decided to cast the pilot himself and *then* go to the networks. He flew to New York "looking," as he puts it, "for fresh," and notified the top modeling agencies of his needs. The next couple of weeks were not an unpleasant experience for him. "I'm hung up on physical beauty," the short, curly-haired 40-year-old bachelor admits. "Hey, why shouldn't I put my neuroses to work for fun and profit?" After interviewing 80 candidates for the roles, he found his three models. One of them, Pat Klous (the Sprite girl) had never so much as seen a script before Carliner handed her the pilot episode, while the others, Kathie Witt (the Hanes girl) and Connie Selleca (the Tickle deoderant girl) had never actually acted one out. Unfortunately, Carliner had chosen three broads, none blonde. Pat Klous obligingly bleached her hair.

One day last January, Carliner took the would-be cast of *Flying High* to CBS for Show and Tell. On the way up to see programming vice president Harvey Shephard, the four were joined by top executives in the network's sales department. "By the time we got to Shephard's office on the thirty-third floor," Carliner recalls, "he had received two separate calls with the same message: 'Buy the elevator,'" which is exactly what Shephard did. After the pilot movie was enthusiastically received at CBS last May, Carliner leased a new chocolate-brown Jaguar XJ-S and crossed his fingers. "This represents my step into the inner elite," he says, "the club of Spelling-Goldberg, Norman Lear, the MTMs, the Lorimars. I stand on the brink between success and disaster."

The *Flying High* pilot aired in the dog days of August and got a promising 46 share of the audience, although it was, admittedly, competing against a lackluster *Monday Night Baseball* game and a repeat movie. (The reviews were terrible, with one critic's notion that *Flying High* was "the worst show CBS has introduced since *Me and the Chimp*" fairly typical of the general appraisal.) Then the first episode, a light-hearted romp about airline hijacking, was aired a month later and received a 28 share, not bad considering that CBS's schedule wasn't exactly making entertainment history. That night at a cast party, Carliner says, "I gave each of my girls a single rose—red, yellow and white—with a note saying 'I love you.' Does Aaron Spelling do that?"

I spoke to Carliner a few days before the telecast of the second episode, a fun-filled tale about the emergency landing of a 747 after the cockpit crew becomes violently ill from a botulin-filled cream cheese cake. Carliner knew that the second episode had to do as well or better than the first to keep his show alive, since it could then be safely assumed that the people who originally "sampled" it liked what they saw. "I'm one nervous Jew," he told me at that point.

What really worried Carliner was that the T & A trend had been waning for

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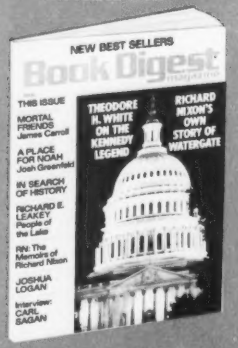
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months. By the opening of the new TV season in September, jiggle had clearly jelled: It had become a multi-million-dollar bust. Carliner had already buttoned up his stewardesses' revealing uniforms and toned down the sexual innuendo in *Flying High*. Partly this was due to the exigencies of a regular series. "I can't do will-she-or-won't-she every week," he explained. "If she does, she's promiscuous; if she doesn't, she's a prude. I'm after likable."

But there was an easier explanation for the early and unlamented demise of T & A. Quite simply, the audience had rejected it. There had been some early warning signals no one in television had paid much attention to. Last year a couple of precursor jiggle shows—*Sugar Time*, a Jimmy Komack series about three female rock 'n' roll musicians, and *Blansky's Beauties*, starring Nancy Walker as the den mother to a bevy of Las Vegas showgirls—had been among the first cancellations of the season. Komack came back with *Roller Girls*, which was previewed for four weeks last spring and never picked up as a series. *Blansky's Beauties* became *Legs*, a series about two showgirls trying to raise kids in Las Vegas, which previewed in an hour special in May to disappointing ratings.

Then in June, Fred Silverman came back to assume the presidency of NBC. Silverman had been in Hawaii during his four-month interregnum between networks, stewing in his own cocoa butter and doing a lot of soul searching, as he later said, about the Future of Television. Everyone in the industry waited anxiously for his return to find out how he would lead NBC out of its third-place slump, what the magic word would be. And when he finally arrived, the magic word turned out to be, of all things . . . "Excellence." *Excellence*? No one could believe his ears. And not only that...."Responsibility." "Leadership requires the constant striving for excellence in all we do," he told a gathering of NBC affiliates in his first official pronouncement, "as well as responsibility—programming that does not violate general standards of taste." Half the producers in Hollywood reached for their Maalox, for if Silverman ever acted on his words that was the end of T & A. And, amazingly, he did—at least when it came to the "general standards of taste" part. Just about his first programming decision at NBC was to cancel the fleshiest jiggle show of them all, *Coastocoast*, without even airing the pilot to test public reaction and amortize the costs. Over two million smackers down the toilet, as they say in Hollywood. Then Silverman changed the title of NBC's other T & A show from *Legs* to *Who's Watching the Kids*, and refocused it around the newscaster neighbor of the showgirls and his cameraman sidekick. The two kids are still around, but one of the showgirls quit in a huff and the other just pops in now and then, modestly dressed.

"If you can't have Starsky pull a gun and fire it 50 times a day, sex becomes your next best handle"

The question is why the man who helped to create *Three's Company* (not to mention *Me and the Chimp*) suddenly got religion. One hears a variety of answers around NBC. He doesn't want to repeat himself. He was genuinely sorry about the T & A trend he had done so much to promote. He plans to run for high political office some day. He listens to his wife. He had a chance to read his press reviews in Hawaii and wasn't thrilled.

But I think the real reason Silverman suddenly started acting like the honorary chairman of Morality in Media was that he had read the graffiti on the wall and realized before anyone else did that T & A would be a commercial mistake. Sexual titillation doesn't really sell on television. In the Age of Pink you can't give a healthy, red-blooded American male a hint of aureole and a double-entendre. He'd rather go bowling. No, as Silverman must have known, the audience for *Charlie's Angels* and *Three's Company* was made up largely of women and teenagers, not men. The "audience profile" of both shows is virtually identical: female viewers, disproportionally teenage ones, outnumber males three to two. And what they were interested in was not sex but glamour. "Most of the letters we get come from teenage girls," says Ron Austin, one of the producers of *Charlie's Angels*. "They see Cheryl and Jackie and Kate as older sisters and want their opinions about hairstyles, clothes and problems with their boyfriends. My God, this isn't sex. It's Betty Grable time. It's *Esquire* calendar girl time."

The proof that Austin's right is that the first thing the models on all the T & A shows do after they learn camera right from camera left is pose for a pinup poster that teenage girls buy by the odd lot. It's actually written into their contracts. This sort of pinup craze seems to sweep the country whenever there's mass confusion about the role of women in society. The last time it happened in a big way was during and after World War II, when women were entering the job market in large numbers. Betty Grable was the flip side of Rosie the Riveter, just as Farrah Fawcett-Majors, in an equally confused time, is the flip side of Gloria Steinem. Television executives and producers mistakenly thought that T & A was the medium's attempt to catch up with advancing social mores, when its real function—the function of any mass medium—was to impede them, or at least to mediate among conflicting ideals.

The problem with Fred Silverman, as with any recent convert, is that he's fast becoming a fanatic about his new cause and eliminating any meaningful airing of sexual conflicts, along with the titillation, on his network. He turned down a planned dramatization of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, not so much because of the actual treatment of the sexual themes as because of the salacious implications of adapting the book in the first place. The same thinking applied to Silverman's refusal to do a sequel to last year's *79 Park Avenue*, even though the success of the original movie practically guaranteed it a large audience. And a proposed Norman Lear show called *The Arrangement* about a young couple living together, was also killed. The project was close to Lear's heart, because it dealt with issues that concerned him within his own family. The master of television comedy worked hard on the pilot, his last effort before retiring from the medium. The series was put aside after word came back from Silverman that the young couple would have to be married.

All of which still leaves Mark Carliner standing on the brink between success and disaster, but perhaps more surefootedly than ever. He was by now the proud possessor of the only ex-jiggle show that had any chance of making it. "Have you seen the ratings?" he asked me the next time I called him. "*The American Girls* looks like it's going down the toilet. Even *my* girls couldn't save that concept." As for *Flying High*, on its second outing it had improved its rating from a 28 to a 30 share, an encouraging sign. Since it seemed to be appealing to a young audience, there was talk of moving it up from its present ten o'clock slot to an earlier one, and the network was making "all the right noises" about ordering up the next ten shows. "I feel this is a vindication of my taste," Carliner said. "I picked these girls and stuck with the show when everyone thought it was shit. It was a lonely pursuit." So upbeat did Carliner feel, in fact, that he had just had the poster photograph of his girls shot, a classy picture of them dressed in formal black gowns. Then he had one taken of himself seated in a chair surrounded by the three models and was thinking of using it as a New Year's card. "I'll just say, 'Happy New Year. Eat your heart out.'" ●

Richard M. Levine is researching network television on an Alicia Patterson Foundation fellowship.

RECORDS
by Jim Miller

The New Wave has entered the mainstream. Proof positive is Linda Ronstadt's pretty recording of Elvis Costello's "Alison"—an act of exquisite absurdity, rather like a tycoon puffing appreciatively on a stick of dynamite, believing it a gift cigar from the local chamber of commerce. This is the kind of affection Costello has warned us against: spite greeted with a warm hug of understanding.

Back in the U.S.A. (Asylum) is Ronstadt's stab at cutting a rock'n'roll album; her country licks have been largely muted, her rock repertoire considerably expanded. Unfortunately, her remakes of R&B classics like Doris Troy's "Just One Look" and Smokey Robinson's "Ooh Baby Baby" translate the sublime into the pedestrian. There is much vocal display, but little character or feeling. Comparing her version of Eric Kaz's "Blowing Away" with Bonnie Raitt's is like comparing a pink squirrel with a straight shot of whiskey—and it isn't even one of Raitt's better records.

But Ronstadt seems set on riding out any storms besetting her current "passage" along life's way. Reportedly bored by the mellow vibes of L.A., she is eyeing a move to the Big Apple. Tougher street life there, you know.

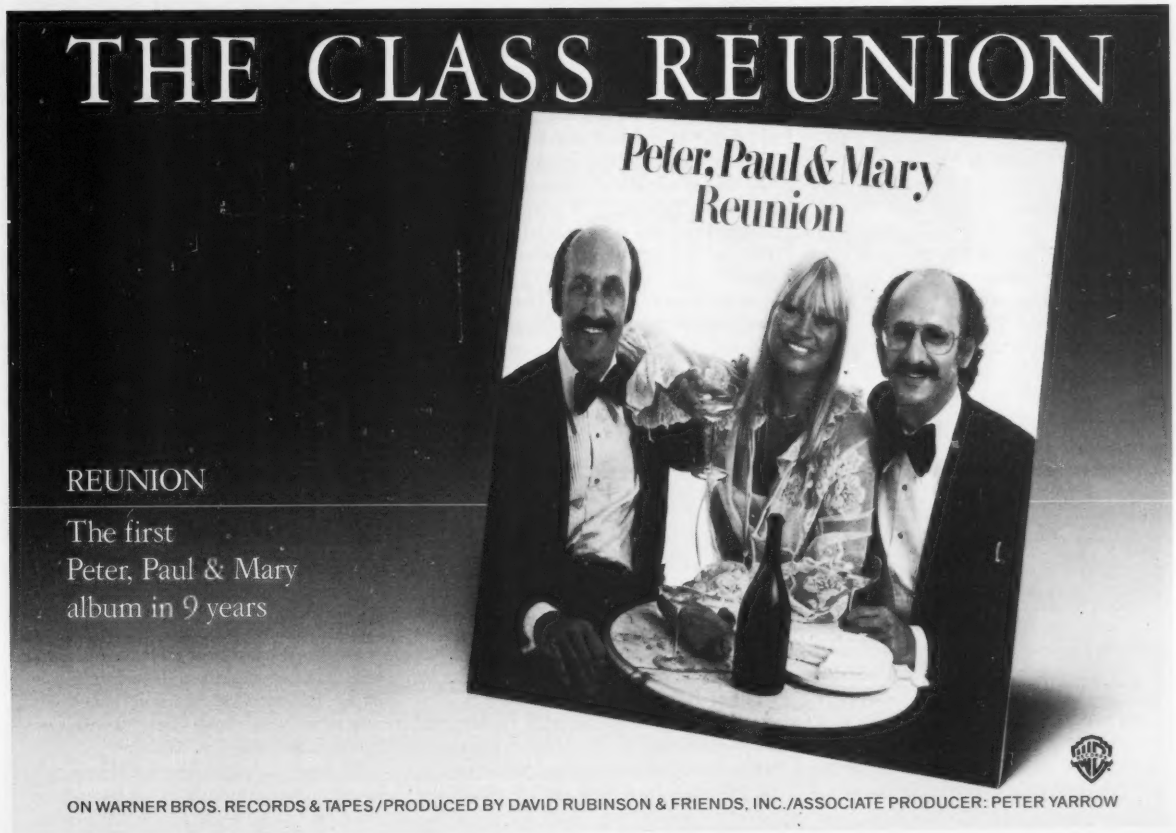
She might give Akron a shot instead. To judge from the musical sludge being pumped out of this suburban-industrial sprawl in northeastern Ohio, Akron will drive even the blandest pinhead bonkers. Consider Devo, Akron punks who profess to have been raised by Mr. and Mrs. Potato Head (NT, 10/30/78).

Devo first made their mark with two self-produced singles. The first thing to say about *Q: Are We Not Men? A: We Are Devo!* (Warner Brothers) is that Eno produced the entire album. Sometimes I think that Eno is the Phil Spector of New Wave rock: His work on David Bowie's last two albums was brilliant. At other times, though, a less flattering comparison comes to mind: Like Manfred Eicher of ECM, Eno cannot resist obtruding his own idea of sonic brilliance up on everything he touches. He loves reverb, echo, phasing. For example, Talking Heads live sound like a funky Memphis soul band, with a fat Steve Cropper guitar sound; but on *More Songs about Buildings and Food* (Sire), the album Eno recently produced for them, they sound like a weak-kneed retread of Roxy Music. Eno lays on about as much synthesized sheen as Giorgio Moroder on a Donna Summer date. There's scarcely space for funk amidst the glitter.

Devo's first album is filled with surprising songs, seven new ones plus new versions of the four originally released as singles. Loony tunes like "Too Much Paranoias," "Jocko Homo" and "Mongoloid" alone are worth the price of admission. But the original self-produced versions of "Jocko," "Mongoloid" and "Satisfaction" are superior. They are grimy, not sleek. And you don't need a lyric sheet to decipher the words. Eno's "sound treatments", on the other hand, embed everything in a garbled haze of electronics. His production is like a gauze veneer draped between us and them.

Thank heavens he hasn't attacked that other Titan of Ohio punk, Pere Ubu. Import bins in record stores have available an alarming 12-inch 45-r.p.m. album containing five early singles by Ubu, *Datapanik in the Year Zero* (Radar). After playing Ronstadt and Devo the other night, I put on this disk and the sound of congealed tar filled the air. As the sinister chords opening "30 Seconds Over Tokyo" were played, the cats dozing inside were set to nervous pacing. Friends requested politely that the record be taken off.

Linda Ronstadt, hear this: The time of ugly music has not yet passed. ●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A TREASURE OF UNIQUE VOICES

A Childhood: The Biography of a Place
by Harry Crews.
Harper & Row
(171 pp., $8.95).

Harry Crews has written eight novels. I've read four, and liked one, his first, *Gospel Singer*, even if it begins portentously: "Enigma, Georgia was a dead end." His fiction seems too schematically grotesque, too choreographed a horror show. But if you've come to hear me speak ill of this memory of childhood, go away. *A Childhood*, as a biography of Bacon County, Georgia (no dead end), and a celebration of blood connections, is tone-perfect. What it means to do it does flawlessly, with breathtaking honesty.

It tells about the first six years of a boy's life with his mother Myrtice, his father Ray, and Pascal, the man he thought was his father, who was in fact his stepfather and uncle. Except for an interlude in Jacksonville, Florida, Crews lived on poor farms near Alma, Georgia, on familiar terms with early death, killing work, violence, mystery and hard times. "The world that circumscribed the people I come from had so little margin for error, for bad luck, that when something went wrong, it almost always brought something else down with it."

Crews was a baby when his daddy died in his sleep, with his wife and his son beside him in bed. "... He simply worked himself to death." When he wasn't sharecropping, building a house, raising hogs, clearing his land ("An oak stump might cost a man a week of his life"), he earned a quarter a day at odd jobs during the mid-1930s. Crews knows to the last drop of sweat what his father endured, but there is no bitterness in this book, and no anger. *A Childhood* begins beyond the settlement of overdue accounts. It is enough for Crews to know that his father was, as his father's friend recalls, "much of a man." It is worth something to know that his father believed "in his bones that anything worth doing is worth overdoing." There is a grace here past resignation,

though resignation colors it. *A Childhood* begins ten years before Crews is born, with his father catching the clap from a Seminole squaw "whose name he never knew and who grunted like a sow and smelled like something shot in the woods." His father didn't much want the flat-faced Seminole girl, but "since he could not have what he wanted, he tried to want what he could have."

This is not casuistry. This is earned and felt. Crews has a religious love of stories. Like most of us, he has been disconnected from his origins. Stories locate this writer, return him to his home place and his kinsmen, but stories by themselves are nothing; only true stories count. *A Childhood* has a desperate affection for truth, and not because it is an autobiography. It is an autobiography because it matters so much to Crews to get these stories right. This is a book written for his son. It matters what a writer gives a son.

A childhood friend of Crews's father tells about a prank he and Ray Crews pulled on a moonshiner. The moonshiner let go at them with a shotgun. The man shows the ancient buckshot welts, still purple and angry. "Wounds or scars give an awesome credibility to a story."

Harry Crews spent months believing he would never walk, lying in bed with his legs locked in paralysis, his heels against his butt. Soon after he recovered — by one of those miracles that touch most people, if they will only feel them — he fell into a vat of scalding water beside a dead hog and wallowed there in the accumulation of hogs' feces before he was fished out. "I reached over and touched my right hand with my left, and the whole thing came off like a wet glove. I mean, the skin on the top of the wrist and the back of my hand, along with the fingernails, all just turned loose and slid on down to the ground. I could see my fingernails lying in the little puddle my flesh made on the ground in front of me."

The people who loved him looked at him as though he were dead. Then they did "the worst thing they could have done." They wrapped his skinless flesh in a sheet. "They did it out of panic and terror and ignorance and love." The willingness to name a wrong move as wrong combines powerfully with Crews's willingness to recognize the hand of love moving wrong. The night after his daddy was buried, someone stole the meat from their smokehouse. His mother knew who stole it, and Crews knows who stole it. Now the thief lies in his father's graveyard, "and I see no reason to name him. He was one of my daddy's friends. I do not say he was *supposedly* or *apparently* a friend. He *was* a friend, and a close one, but he stole the meat anyway. Not many people may be able to understand that or sympathize with it, but I think I do. It was a hard time in that land, and a lot of men did things for which they were ashamed and suffered for the rest of their lives."

Such attention to the imperatives and complications and special cases that make the lives of other people is *A Childhood's* dominant signature. Stories can heal in this way, directing the eye outward, shaping the mess of other people's circumstances into narrative. Crews discovers his interest in himself through his memory of other people. He is by no means selfless: hen he lay abed burned, he ruled his domain "like a tyrant. There was something very special and beautiful about being the youngest member of a family and being badly hurt." But he cherishes the details that make lives other than his own, and lets his memory take possession of those details in order to give them back to the world, where we may have them, and be enhanced by them.

He recovers the speech of his neighbors, each idiom in its exact pacing distinct from its neighbor. An old-timer,

Illustration by Michael Ng

his father's friend, recollects Ray Crews: "We weren't nothing but yearlin boys then, back before he went off to work down in Flardy, we couldn't a been much more'n sixteen years old, but we *would* touch a drop or two of whiskey from time to time."

A faith healer comes to mend Harry's crippled legs, and speaks the words of Ezekiel at them. The legs are still bent. "I cain't say as I ever seed laigs jest like them. But them is the Lord's laigs an' He's seed them laigs and He's laid His hand on them laigs and He knows, so it don't bother me none that I ain't seed'm."

Women click their needles against thimbles while they tell stories, and Harry Crews listens. This time it's about "Bernice's next to youngest girl, Flo?... [she] come in from work—got a real good job answering the telephone and typing up things. She took the typewriter in college, you know."

As Crews recovers and transcribes the treasure of unique voices, so does he recapitulate the rituals that ruled the lost world of *A Childhood*. He knows the power of ritual derives from precise repetition. So he tells exactly how hogs were butchered as they gorged at the trough—a single swipe with the blunt end of an axe. Then their throats were cut, and often the hog beside that dead hog would stick its snout into the blood pumping from his dead neighbor, just as a friend and neighbor might steal a dead man's meat from the smokehouse. The slaughter "was a time of great joy and celebration for the children." Crews tells how it was rather than how we think it should have been. Violence and death were natural forces for his people, but to think from this that we have learned everything about his people, and about him, is an illusion.

Harry Crews had a dog, and in the way of things: "Old age had dropped on him sudden as a stone." When it was time to shotgun the dog, the boy Harry refused to cry. The dog's death was in the nature of things, he knew, and he knew how "useless and silly it was to cry." A couple of paragraphs later, when we know this boy won't cry, "I heard the single shotgun blast in the woods behind the house. That was when I cried."

So much complicated love! His stepfather, and uncle, drank all the time and fought violently with his mother, who finally threw him out of the house. Crews sought him out many years later, and they had nothing to say to each other, didn't even shake hands. But still he loves the memory of Pascal, and shows it with this odd, poignant detail: "He dearly loved to drink in front of a mirror. I don't know why. He never said; I never asked."

A Childhood ends with its teller midway between his birth and his age now, forty-three. He's back home in Bacon County taking in a tobacco crop with his cousins and old friends. After three years in the Marines, he's casehardened, but not tough enough to stand much more of the Georgia sun shoving at his back. "Goddamn sun," he says. The four boys working with him flinch. "But there was nothing I could say. I had already done what, in Bacon County, was unthinkable. I had cursed the sun. And in Bacon County you don't curse the sun or the rain or the land or God. They are all the same thing. To curse any of them is an ultimate blasphemy. I had known that three years ago, but in three years I had somehow managed to forget it."

This is unity of vision as Henry Adams perceived in the medieval worship of the Virgin. It is such unity of experience, the things of the earth and spirit in harmony, that Eastern religion means to locate. I don't know whether such unity exists in the world, any more than I know whether Harry Crews's "memory" of his father's speech and history ten years before Harry Crews's birth is "true." I know this: *A Childhood* is an experience of repair, kinship, wholeness of vision. ●

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Movies/by Richard Corliss

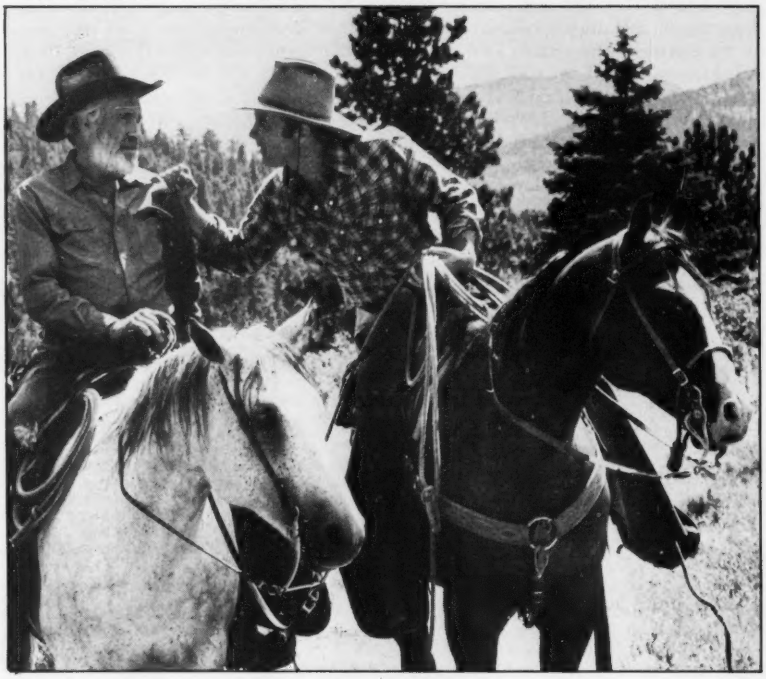
WESTERN ANAGRAM

How many barnyard animals can you find hidden in this picture? Substitute *plot strands* for *barnyard animals*, and you have a question that's been vexing viewers of some recent American movies. Watching *Interiors*, or *Days of Heaven*, or Alan Pakula's **Comes a Horseman**, you may get an uncomfortable feeling of *déjà vu*: Suddenly it's 1960, and you're sitting in the smoking section of the Expresso II, puzzling out the anagrams in a Bergman film. Only it's 1978; you find Bergman's latest transcendental soap operas as clear as Swedish crystal; and you're wondering whether to laugh or cry, or just go admiringly numb, at a Woody Allen movie — or, worse yet, trying to figure out the plot of a goddamned artistic *western*! The old art-film scholar's query was: "What does it mean?" But the viewer who's glutted himself on all the recent hot-fudge-sundae movies has become turgidly literal-minded. Give him a Rorschach test, and he'll pause thoughtfully and then admit that it reminds him of an ink blot. Tell an old-fashioned genre story as if it were *Finnegans Wake*, and he's likely to ask plaintively: "What's going on?"

There's nothing wrong with American directors' attempts to make films as mysterious, even metaphysical, as those of their European brethren. We welcome movies that make the viewer think—even if they only make him think he's back in a freshman English class. But why do you have to read the production notes for *Comes a Horseman* to learn that the movie takes place in Montana? Why be so secretive about the plot that it takes half the movie (and a master's degree from the Harvard Business School) to determine that cattle baron Jason Robards is in trouble because he's borrowed heavily to buy up all the land in the valley? Why, in an age of sophisticated sound technique, is so much of the dialogue unintelligible? (When the characters in *Horseman* don't talk, it's like a silent movie without intertitles; when they do talk, it's like a foreign movie without subtitles.) What's gained, in mood or meaning or mystery, by being so distractingly opaque? The plot points in *Horseman* are as subterranean and subversive as the scurrying feet behind your refrigerator: They may be the footfalls of the Giant Rat of Sumatra, or a phalanx of tiny Tartars — until the night you walk into the kitchen to be surprised and relieved by the sight of the humblest of barnyard animals, a frightened mouse.

No American director makes more intelligent movies — intelligent in the choices of shots and settings, and in the subtle feelings expressed through the performances—than Alan Pakula. That he's chosen to work within traditional genres, like the romantic comedy (*The Sterile Cuckoo, Love, Pain and the Whole Damn Thing*) and the urban paranoid melodrama (*Klute, The Parallax View, All the President's Men*), makes his shining intelligence all the more visible: It reflects off all those facets of the old diamonds. And for Pakula to turn from the prestige-heavy Woodward-Bernstein saga to a western adventure-romance — the forgotten grandpa among movie genres — is an act of sidelong Hollywood courage as audacious as Woody Allen's *Interiors* (after *Annie Hall*) or Burt Reynolds' *The End* (after *Smokey and the Bandit*). But the western format, instead of offering Pakula the chance for a holiday trek to one picturesque outpost of the American experience, finds his intelligence as tightly coiled as ever. In *President's Men*, the challenge was to clarify and dramatize a daunting mass of expository material — all those words! So when Pakula made *Horseman*, he worked hard to strip the story and dialogue to their essentials. And, alas, beyond. The wide open spaces are those between the words, isolating the actors, smothering the grandpa genre.

Maybe Pakula and screenwriter Dennis Lynton Clark thought that the plot was so archetypal (read: familiar) that it didn't need elucidation. I don't agree; and since I'm going to get around to recommending *Horseman* in the next paragraph, I'll summarize the story, as I've pieced it together from various informed sources. *Horseman* is, in a way, the second half of a two-generation western epic. The half we don't see would describe the growing respect, rivalry and, finally, hatred between two canny Montana cousins, Ewing and Connors, in the wild early days of this century. By 1945, when the movie begins, Ewing (Jason Robards) owns most of the Bear Paw Valley. But he wants it all—especially the small ranch belonging to Ella Connors

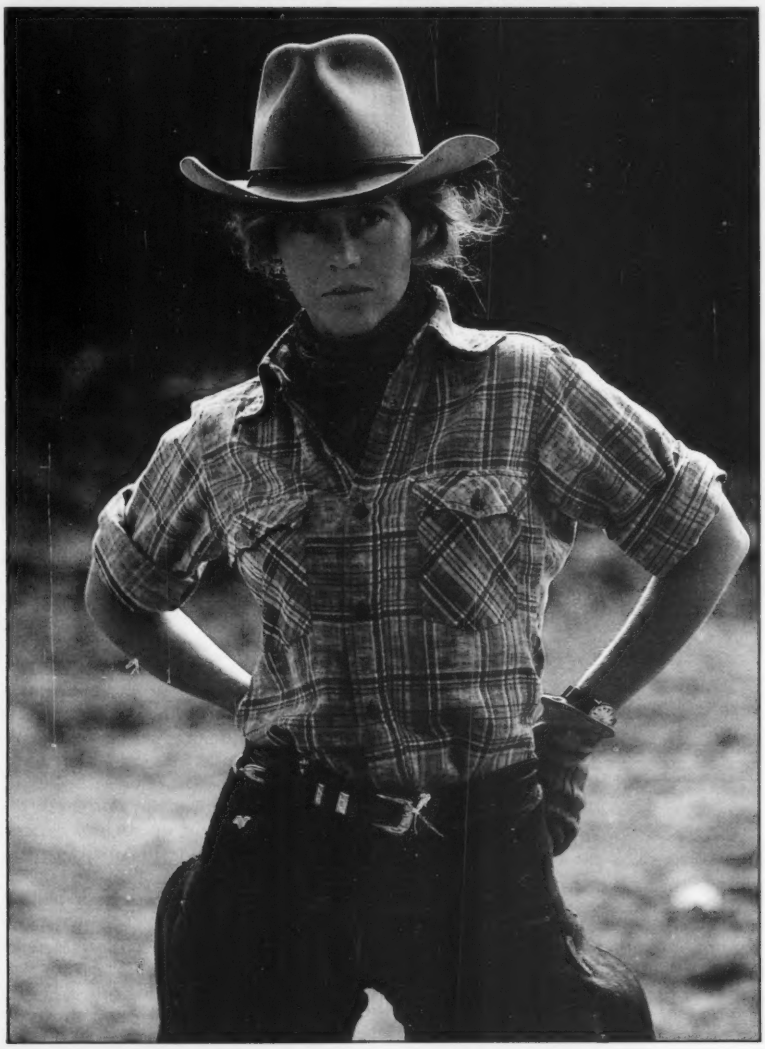


Robards and Caan: Fonda foe and Fonda friend.

(Jane Fonda), the daughter of his old rival, now dead. Ella will be able to delay foreclosure only by bringing her cattle to market, and to do that she needs a partner: Frank Athearn (James Caan), a rugged individualist and the best cowman north of the Grand Canyon.

You can use this summary as a kind of pony — the way you might scan the synopsis of an opera whose libretto is in an unknown language, but whose music is an eloquent Esperanto. The eloquence and the music are in the performances, especially Jane Fonda's. In an early scene, Fonda stands facing her scrawny, two-story home as Robards mumbles something vaguely threatening in her direction. She listens, silent and erect (great posture), as if posing for a heroic feminist statue; her eyes are burning holes in Robards' rhetoric; she's as hard, dry, burnished and beautiful as the dirt-earth around her; she's heavier here than in *Coming Home*, and with her full cheeks looks as if she's waiting to spit a wad of tobacco — or somebody's spleen — in Robards' face. The words she finally speaks are less important than the authority with which she establishes and embodies her character. And even that is less important than the intense star quality she brings to a western stereotype: the strong frontierswoman—Cat Ballou with a stone face and a stubborn streak as wide as Beartooth Pass.

Star quality like Fonda's doesn't intrude on a characterization; it enriches it. We're drawn to the character because we're drawn to the star. We study it and stare at it, like enlightened voyeurs. Fonda's star magnetism draws us into Ella Connors, where we can see what's unique about Ella, and see how Ella resembles and refines her other screen sisters and selves — all those feisty, *feeling* American women whom Jane Fonda has played and been over the past two decades. In *Horseman*, Fonda sometimes looks to be about 20 (and then we remember her as a coltish, aristocratic ingenue); at other times she looks 60 (and then we can imagine her as the Queen Mother of American progressives). But no matter how she's lighted, she looks terrific. We needn't feel guilty about admiring Fonda as a movie star, because her intelligence and passion are equal parts of her beauty. For *Horseman*, or *Coming Home*, or both, Fonda deserves an Oscar — or a Penthesilea.



Fonda: Hard, burnished and beautiful as the dirt-earth around her

Fonda's fierce persona needs anchoring in a story like this, or she'd carry the movie off into the far reaches of obsession. The viewer surrogates are nicely provided by the two men who help her: James Caan, as the strong, sensible wrangler who's good with people and good at his job; and Richard Farnsworth, as Dodger, the cowhand who's worked on Ella's ranch since her father's days. Farnsworth, a stuntman by profession, had never acted in a major role before *Horseman*. But Dodger's a marvelous part — the wise, ancient, craggy soul of the movie — and Farnsworth brings to it an utterly authentic, high-plains warmth. He deserves a supporting-actor Oscar of his own. And he might be nominated for one, if only *Horseman* were as open and funny as Dodger is.

Any new movie that takes chances within certain genres is taking a bigger risk with today's audience. Walter Hill's *The Driver* was a taut, wry cop-and-robber melodrama with a few European arpeggios; but that stylization was forbidding enough to keep the film locked up in the 20th Century-Fox vault for almost two years and to alienate moviegoers when it finally emerged. The Western is as natural a visual and narrative movie form as it ever was; yet *Comes a Horseman* and *Goin' South* (whose plots, once you parse them, are identical) had their release dates delayed six months by their respective studios. I sympathize with moviegoers who don't want to pick bones out of their food for thought — or maybe just want to save their thinking for foreign movies. But to refuse to grapple with films as ultimately rewarding as *Days of Heaven*, *The Driver* and *Comes a Horseman* — and to settle instead for the no-fault comedies and musicals of the past year — is to give up one of the basic pleasures of moviegoing: the joy of being able to remember, five minutes after leaving the theater, what movie you just saw.

The Boys from Brazil. Quick: Name three 1978 movies in which a couple of distinguished actors wrestle on the

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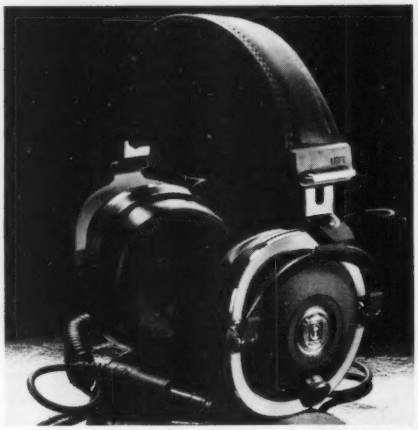

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floor trying to bite each other to death. Answer: *The Greek Tycoon* (Anthony Quinn and Raf Vallone), *Foul Play* (Burgess Meredith and Rachel Roberts) and now *The Boys from Brazil*, with Gregory Peck as the top surviving Nazi and Laurence Olivier as the top Nazi-hunter. I refuse to divulge the plot of this ponderous, silly film; I tried it once, and it made my listener want to run out and see it. Franklin Schaffner directed last year's best American movie, *Islands in the Stream*. He can work magisterial magic with large, stately subjects, but he ought to leave hack work to less ambitious directors; they can do it better—with some verve and honest vulgarity. As for Olivier, by now he mut surely have amassed enough money playing in big, bad movies to put his kids through college. The next time he's invited to slum on celluloid, I hope he thinks of a line from one of his earlier movie roles, and promises Hollywood: "The rest is silence."

The Big Fix. What ever happened to the campus radicals of the sixties? This movie has the answer. Some (like Bill and Emily Harris) are still in jail. Some (like F. Murray Abraham's imitation of Abbie Hoffman) have cut their hair and are working at ad agencies. And some, like Richard Dreyfuss, have grown dimples and are starring in Disneyfied suspense-comedies for ex-activists with soft-focus memories. *The Big Fix* may mean to take the standard detective story and twist it vigorously to the left, but all it winds up saying—to itself, and to an audience that may include old enemies as well as old allies—is, "Boy, were we cute!"

Midnight Express belongs to a movie genre we might call Justice Outraged. Whether it's Jean Valjean getting hounded into the Paris sewers for swiping a loaf of bread, or Vittorio De Sica's neorealist nebbish losing his livelihood to a bicycle thief—or, as here, Billy Hayes being thrown into the vilest Turkish prison for possessing two kilos of hash—this kind of film begins as a social indictment and ends as a masochist's fantasy. Every Justice Outraged movie needs a villain who's both super- and sub-human, and here it's the Turks. The European and American inmates at this fetid Ankara prison are all prophets, poets and kings. The Turks—jailers and prisoners alike—are verminous paupers, puppets and pawns. Director Alan (*Bugsy Malone*) Parker has filmed this True Life Adventure in soft, brooding tones. For all the movie's violence, it's too pretty to be harrowing—as if Vincente Minnelli had made a pastel horror musical for the leather trade. ●

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The Images of a Man / by Jim Hughes

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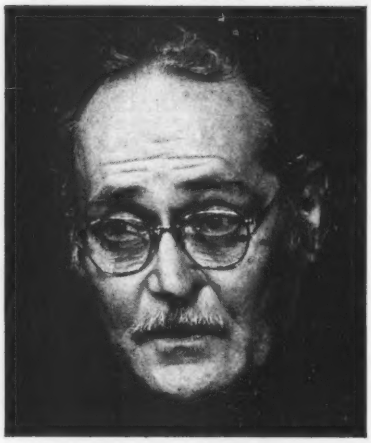
There were many who called W. Eugene Smith the world's greatest photojournalist, which is not a bad thing to be. But he was more than that. His darkly glowing images proved him a visual poet and humanist. He entered people's lives and let them enter his.

Gene Smith photographed quietly, gently, carefully and responsibly. He approached each story not as a photographer, but as a journalist. He checked, cross-checked, scoured and charmed until he felt his facts were the best he could assemble. He believed that to maintain objectivity, he shouldn't lose his subjectivity. None of his essays are cold recordings of a person or place; they are statements made through the perceptive eyes of an intelligent and feeling observer.



Visual Poet: W. Eugene Smith

His photographs of World War II were searing indictments of territorial insanity, while his picture essays for *Life* during the late forties and fifties were lovingly crafted affirmations of life—classics that defined the medium for generations of photographers to follow.

Smith resigned from *Life* in 1954 over the magazine's handling of "Man of Mercy," his sensitive portrayal of Albert Schweitzer, a man as complicated and controversial as Smith himself. He went on to produce "Pittsburgh," an epic essay of an American city in the throes of inevitable change; and *Minamata*, a devastating book-length document on a tiny Japanese fishing village whose residents had been slowly and irreparably poisoned by industrial pollution. For several years, Smith and his wife Aileen lived in a tiny dirt-floor house, becoming part of the fabric, while he photographed—in addition to the results of mercury poisoning—the growing struggle between the chemical manufacturer and its victims. Finally, company henchmen were dispatched to get Smith. They did, swinging him by the legs and smashing him against a concrete wall. As a result, his sight began to fail.

Through the years, he had learned how to deal with pain. An artillery shell on Okinawa put him in the hospital for two years; and he was tied to a wall and beaten with chains in Philadelphia. He survived bouts with heart trouble, diabetes, poverty, depression, alcohol and, most recently, a stroke he suffered after moving to Tucson, Arizona, where he had accepted his first steady job since he left *Life*: visiting professor with the University of Arizona. There, the Center for Creative Photography has undertaken the task of putting his archives and life's work in order for future generations—who should pay heed; Eugene Smith has a lot to say to them. ●

Photograph by W. Eugene Smith; Courtesy the Witkin Gallery, Inc.

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Arrow can handle over a half ton of cargo. In other words, it can haul more of whatever it is you want to haul. And we'll leave that up to your imagination.

DRESS-UP YOUR PICKUP.

This is one pickup you can really dress-up. Arrow is available with lots of different options to fit your own imagination.

Choose from exciting items like a skylite sunroof, air conditioning, or racing mirrors.

The Arrow Sport model pictured above comes standard with many features that are optional

on other pickups. Like an AM/FM stereo radio, raised white letter tires, a cargo lamp, sport wheels, and of course, a snappy exterior decor treatment.

MILEAGE THAT'S A REAL "PICK-ME-UP."

This little truck uses little gas. Thanks to its 2.6 litre, air injected 4-cylinder engine, Arrow Sport achieved EPA estimates of 29 miles per gallon on the highway, 21 in the city.*

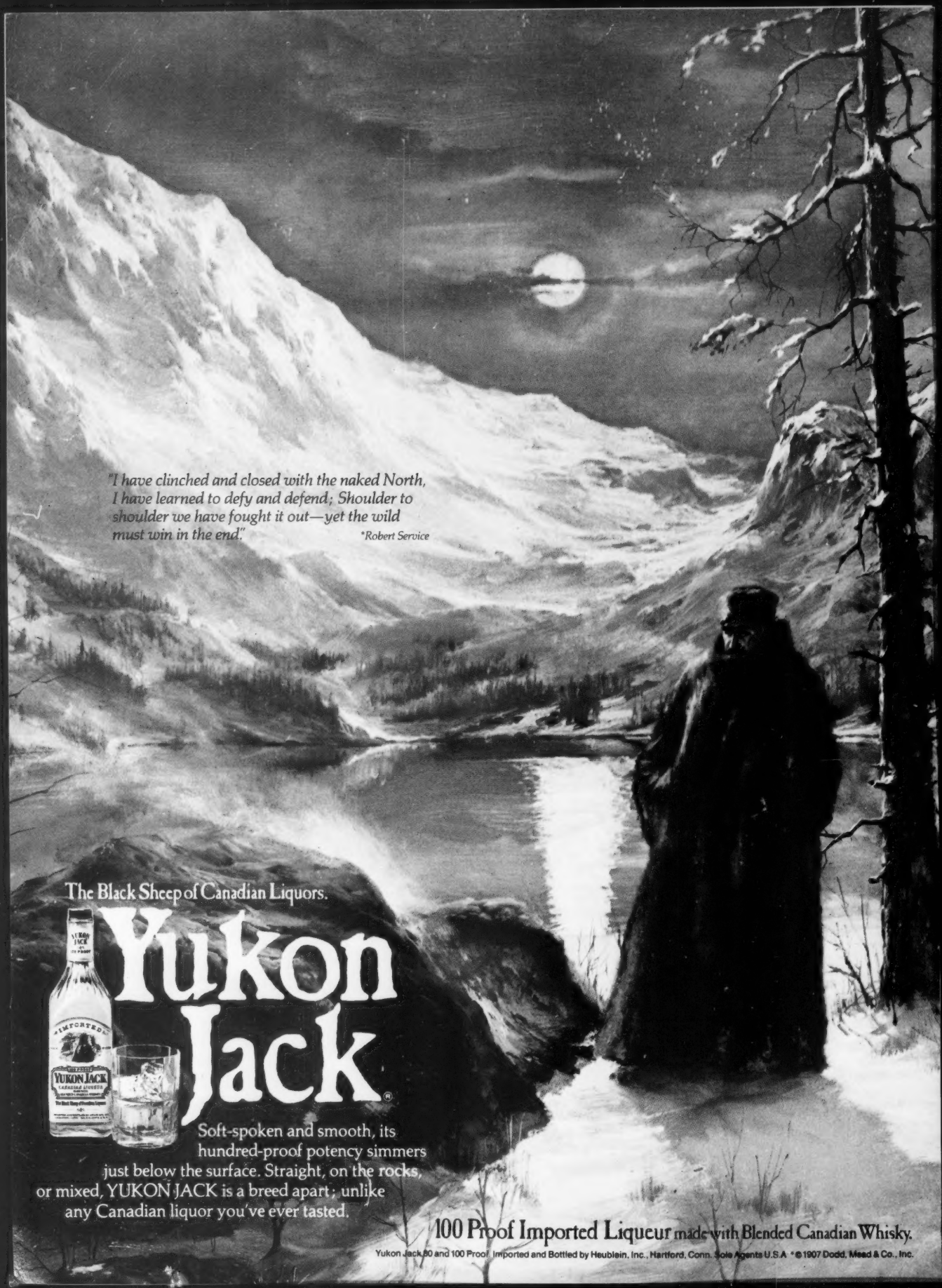
Plymouth

29 MPG HWY/21 MPG* CITY

By now you're probably wondering what it's like to drive the new Arrow Pickup. Stop imagining and find out for yourself. At your Chrysler-Plymouth Dealer.

*Your actual mileage may vary depending on how and where you drive, your vehicle's condition and its optional equipment. California mileage lower.

THAT'S IMAGINATION. THAT'S PLYMOUTH.


"I have clinched and closed with the naked North,
I have learned to defy and defend; Shoulder to
shoulder we have fought it out—yet the wild
must win in the end."
*Robert Service
The Black Sheep of Canadian Liquors.
Yukon Jack®
IMPORTED
YUKON JACK
Soft-spoken and smooth, its hundred-proof potency simmers just below the surface. Straight, on the rocks, or mixed, YUKON JACK is a breed apart; unlike any Canadian liquor you've ever tasted.
100 Proof Imported Liqueur made with Blended Canadian Whisky.
Yukon Jack 80 and 100 Proof. Imported and Bottled by Heublein, Inc., Hartford, Conn. Sole Agents U.S.A. *©1907 Dodd, Mead & Co., Inc.